

Our Gang

with
TOM & JERRY

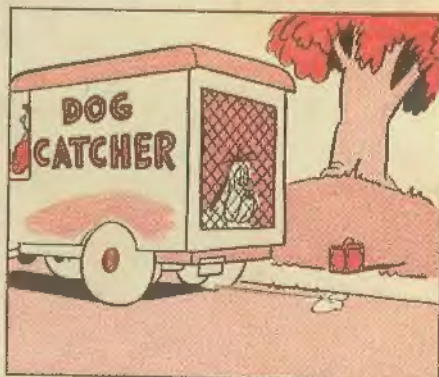
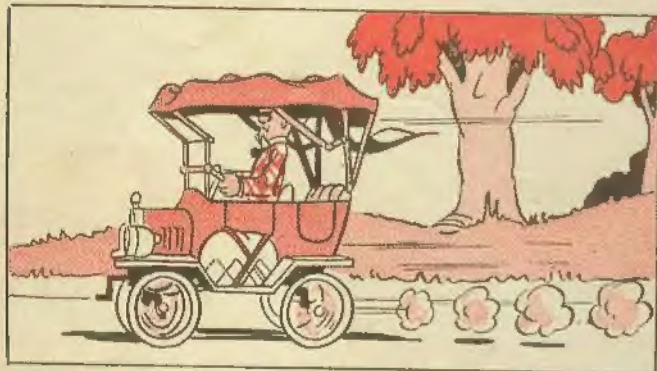
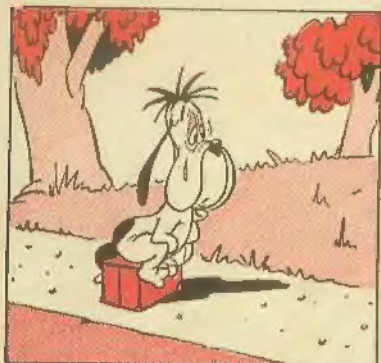
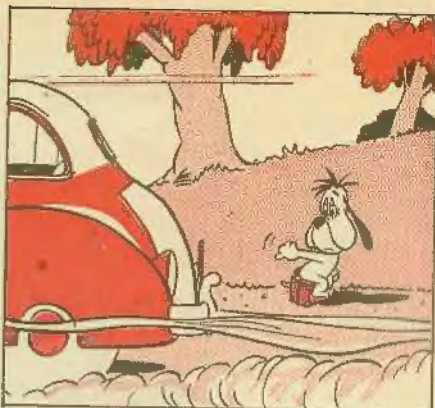
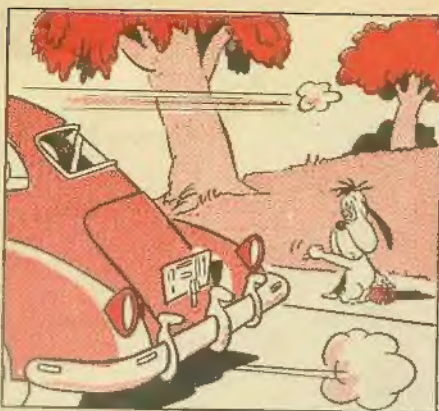
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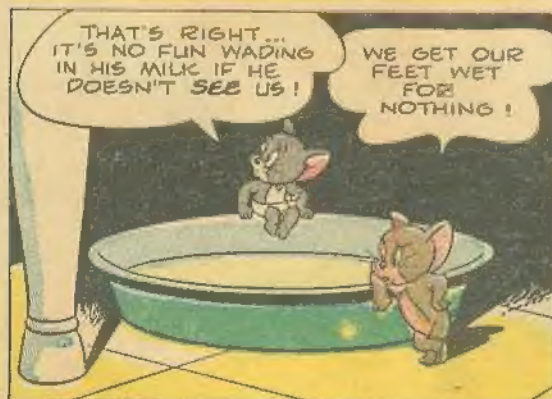
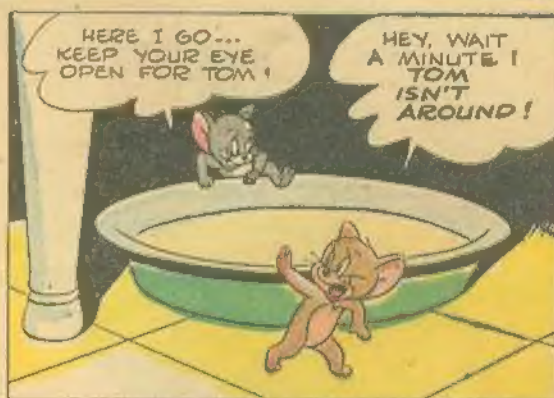
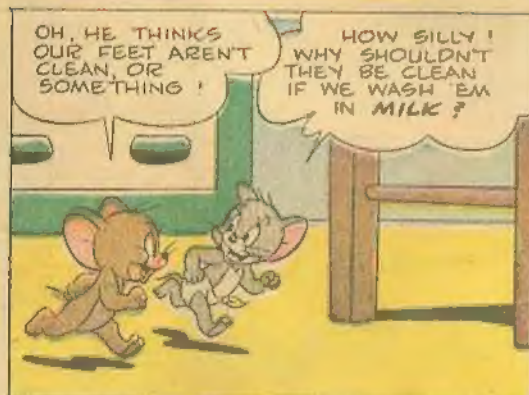
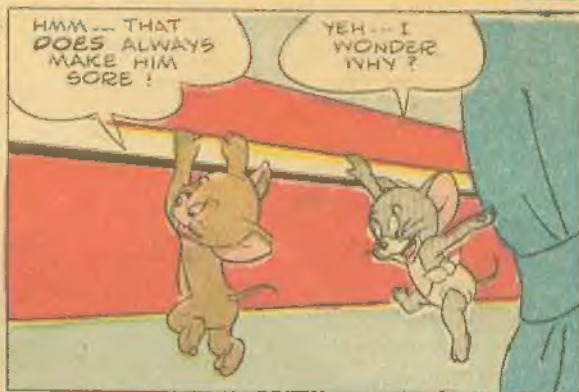
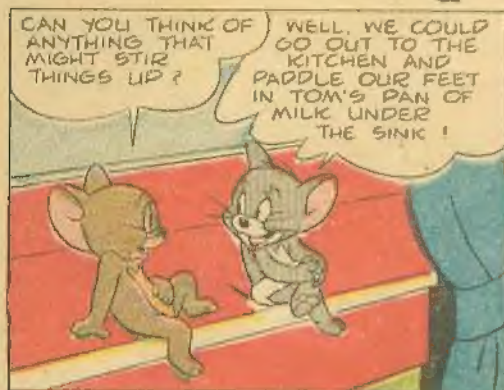
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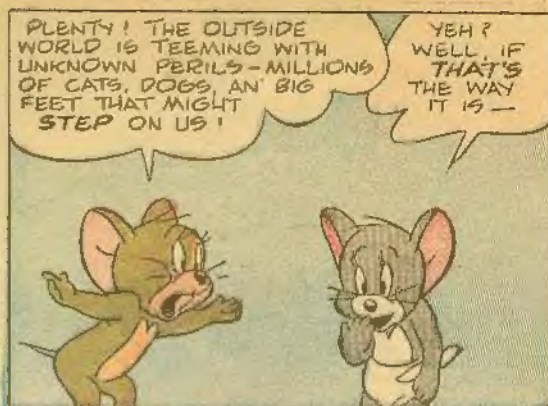


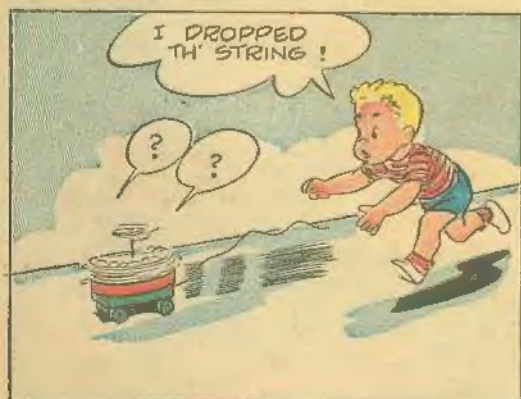
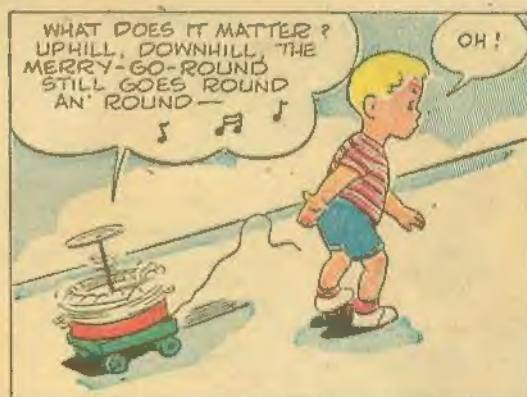
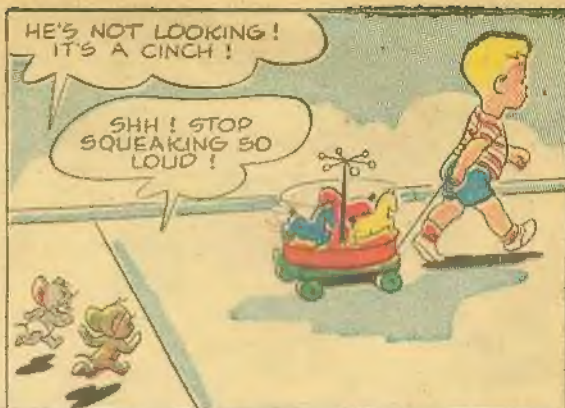
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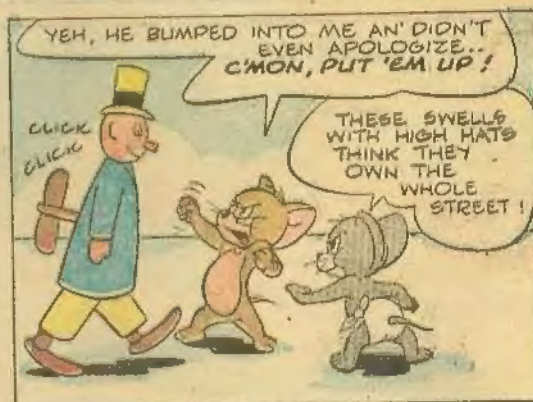
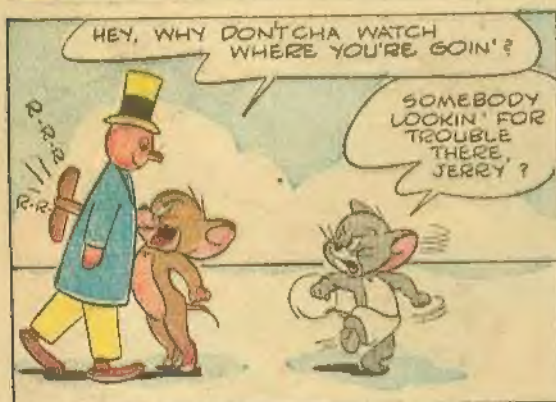
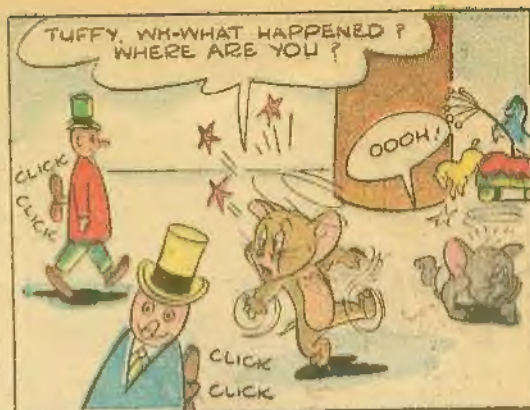
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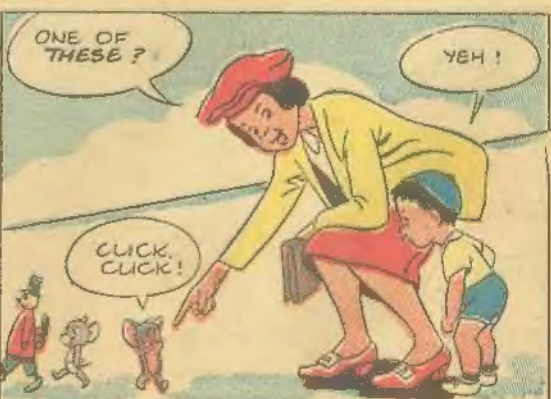
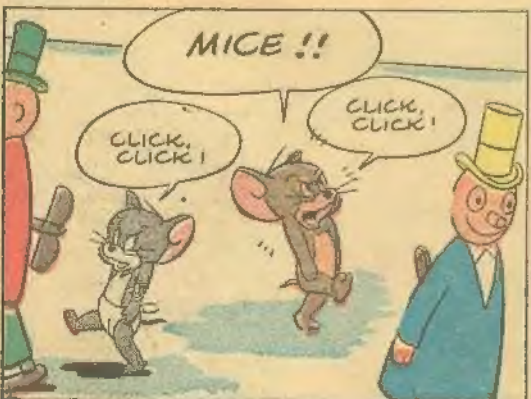
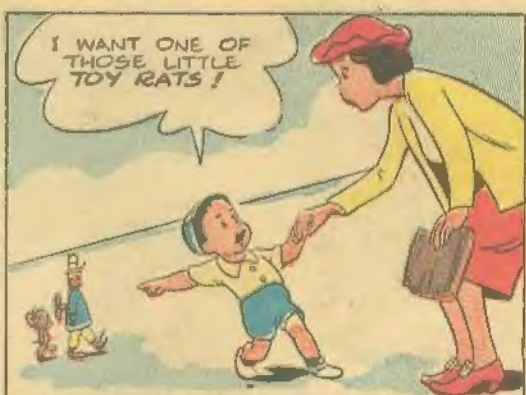
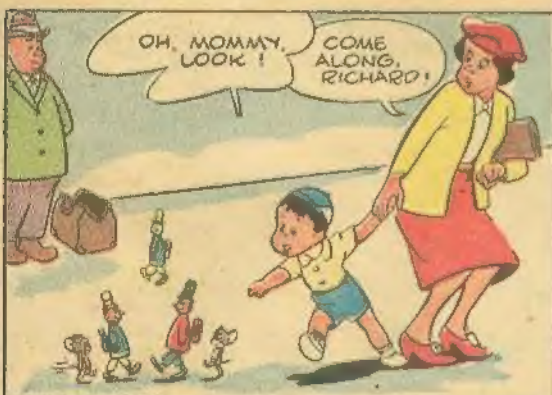
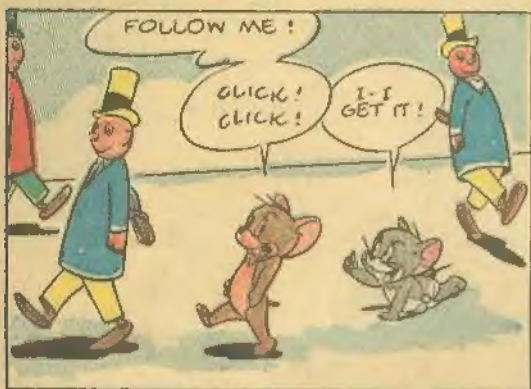
TOM AND Jerry

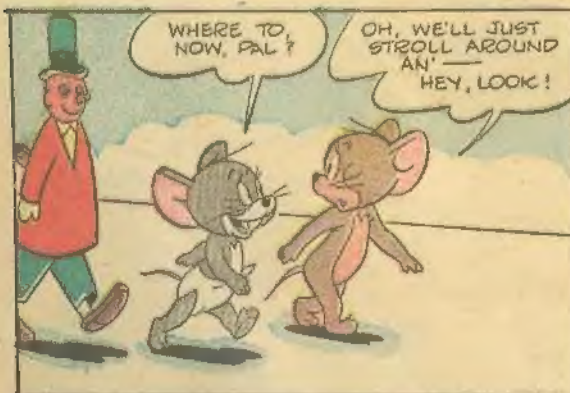
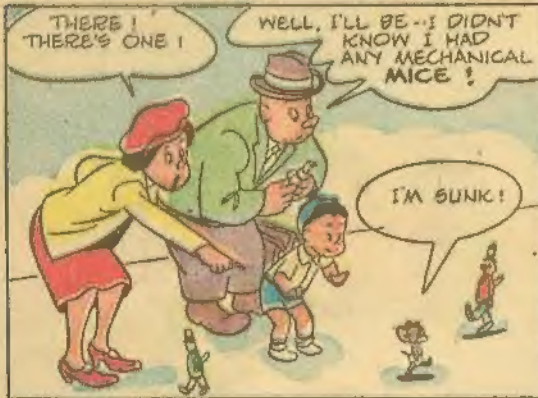
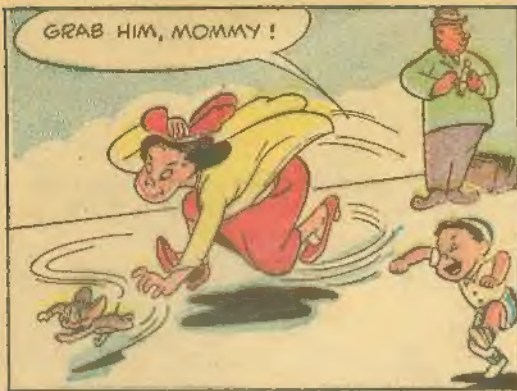


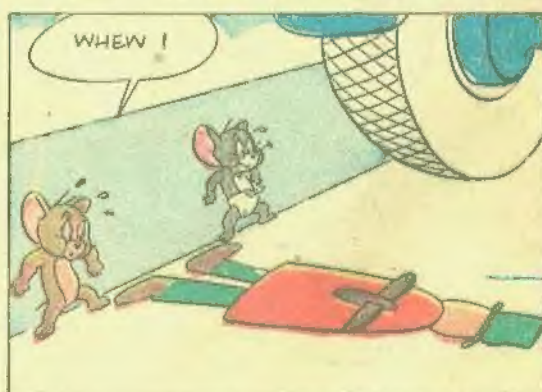
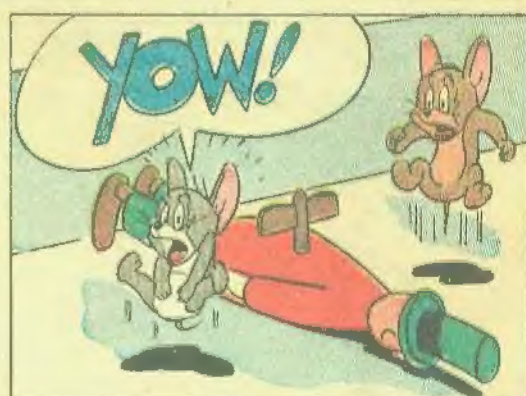


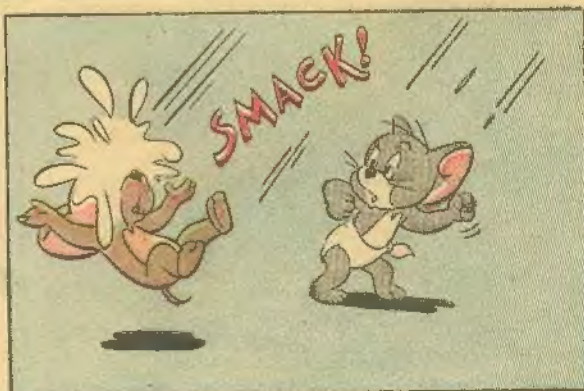
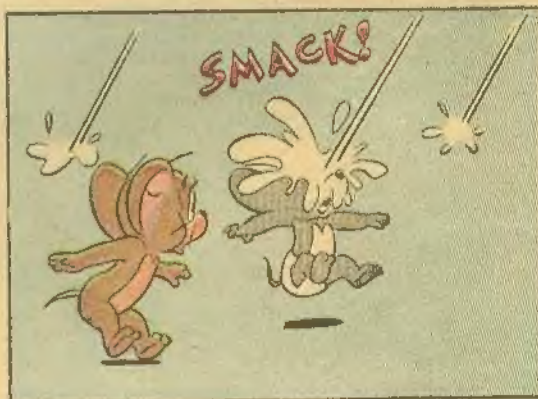


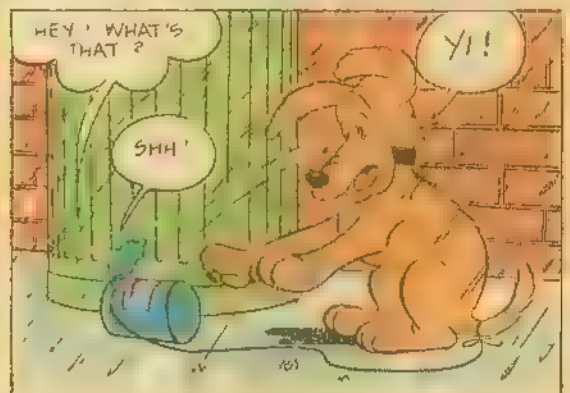
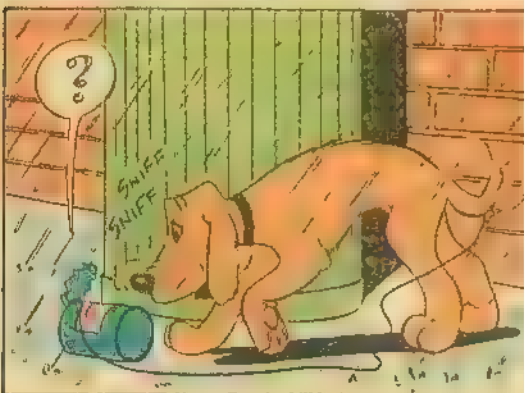
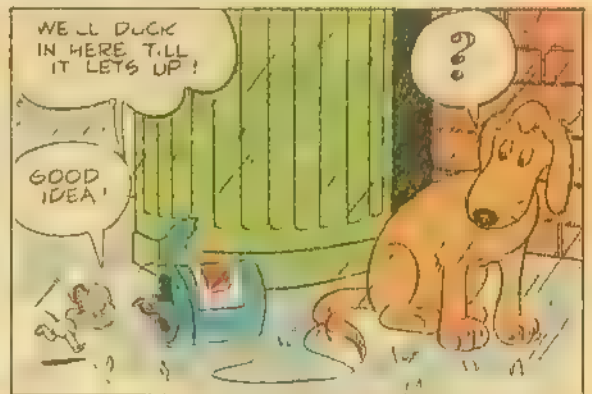
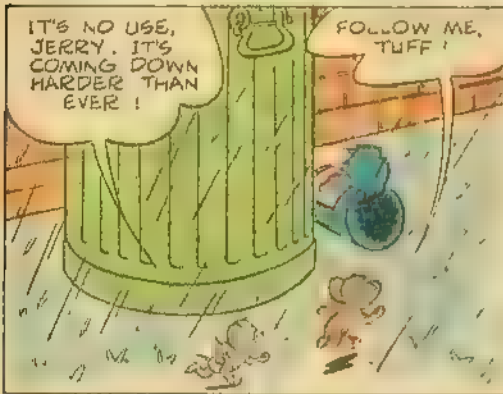
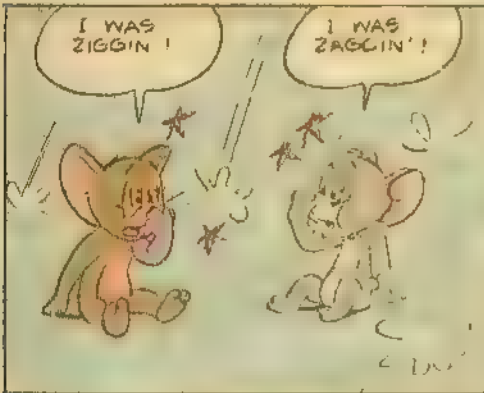


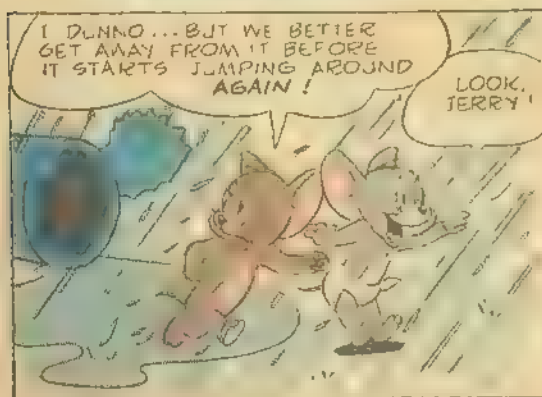
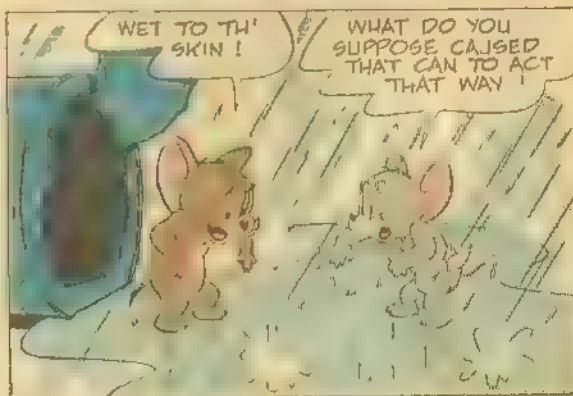
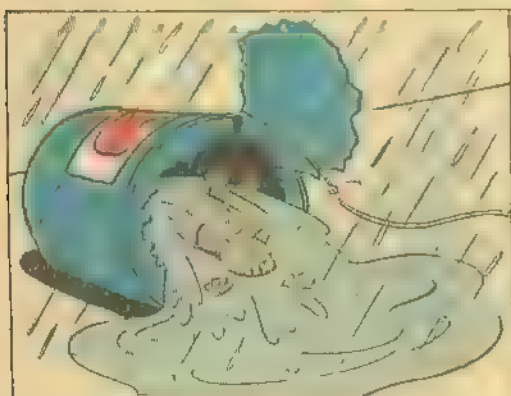
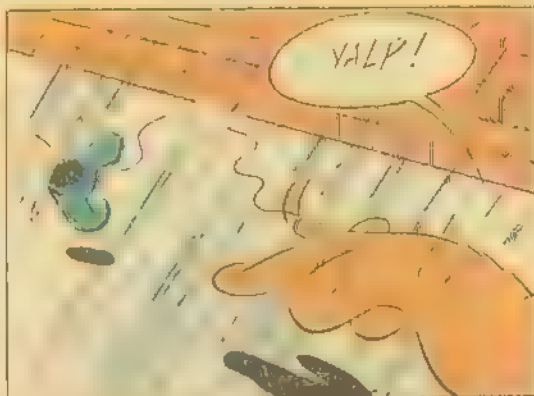
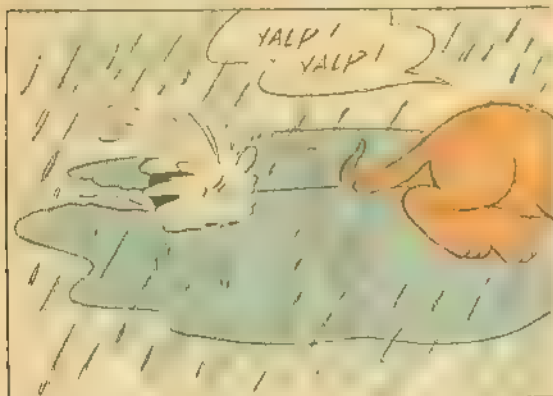
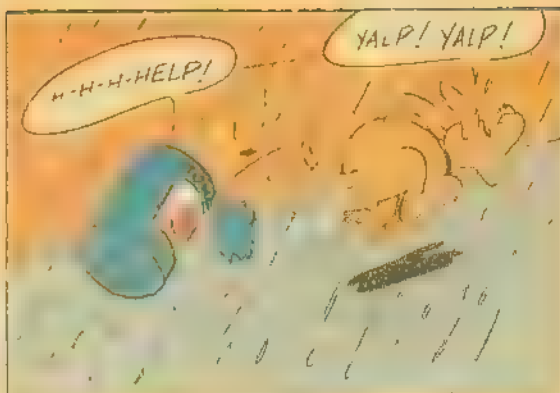
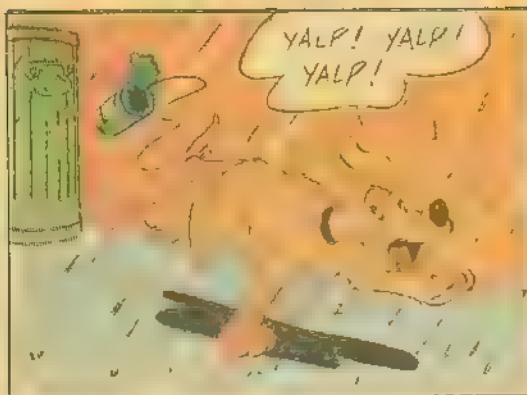




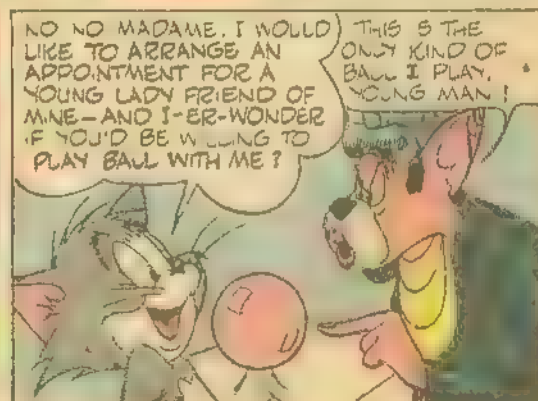
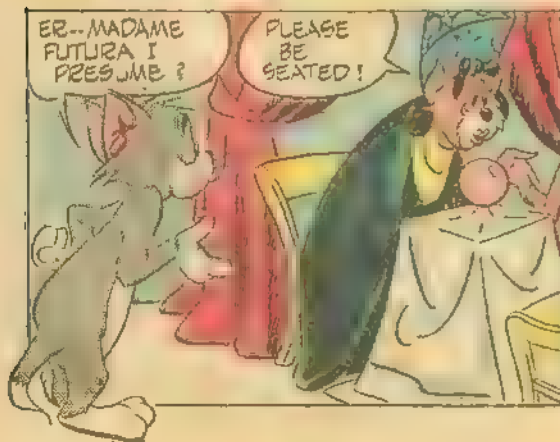
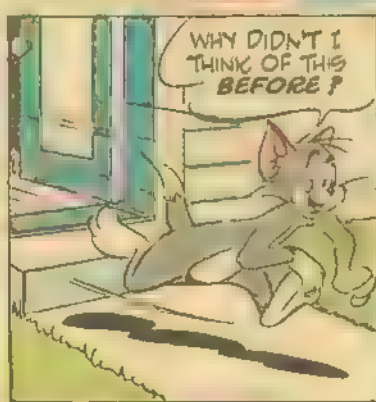
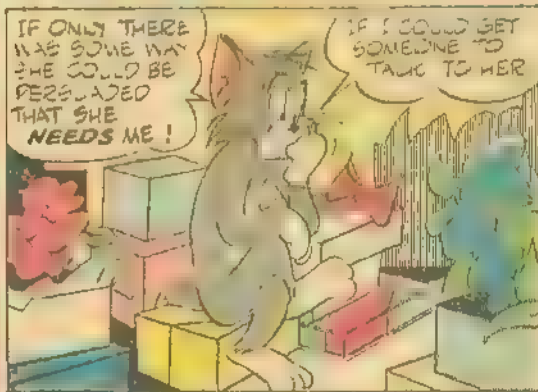
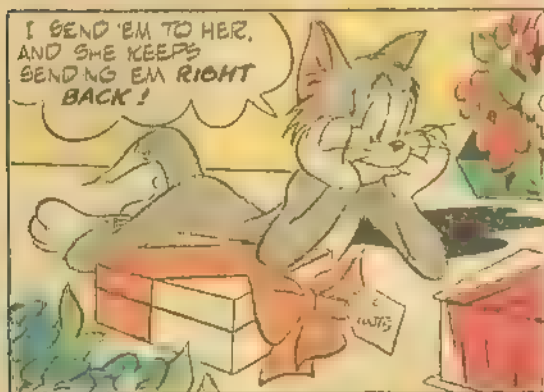


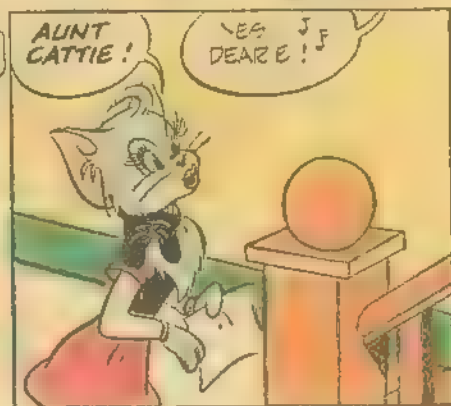
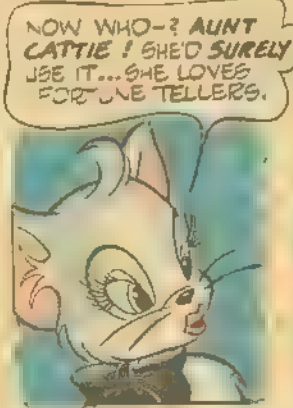
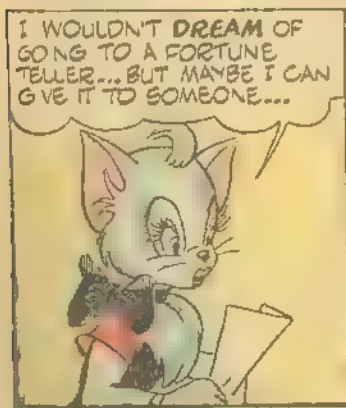
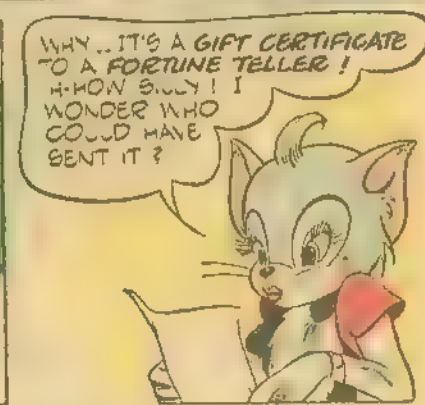
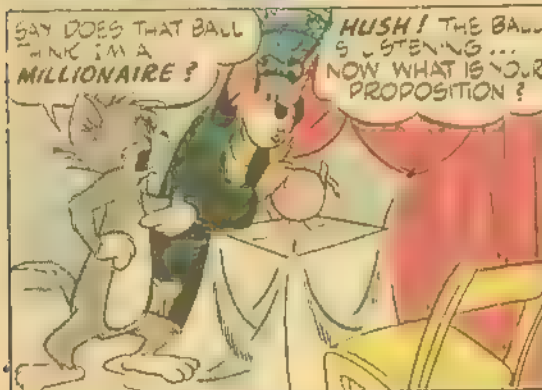
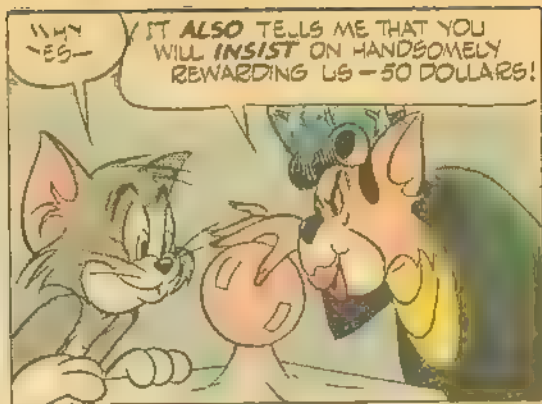
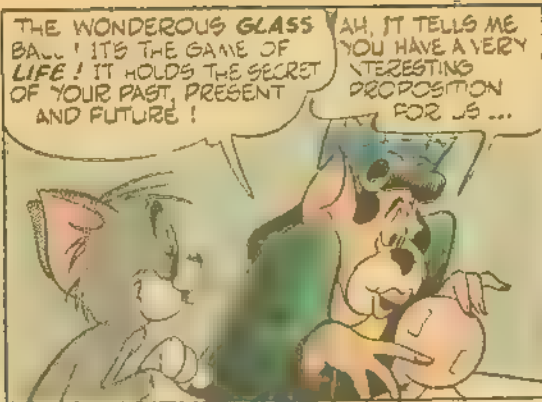


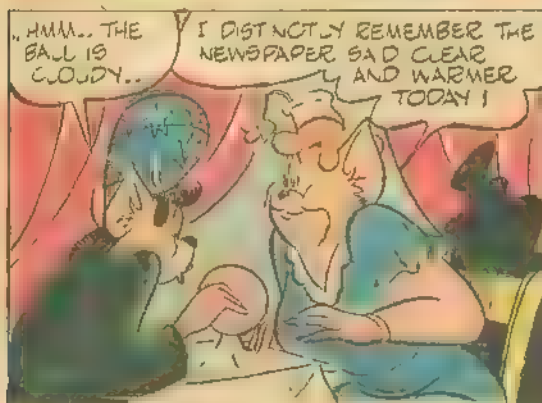
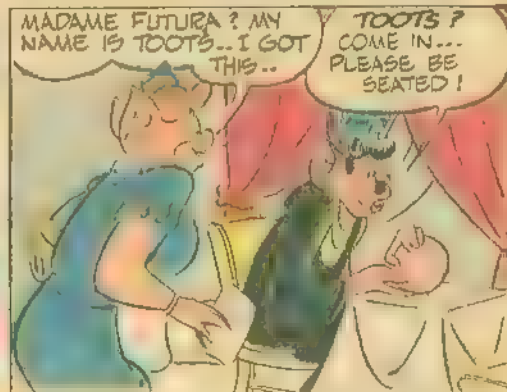
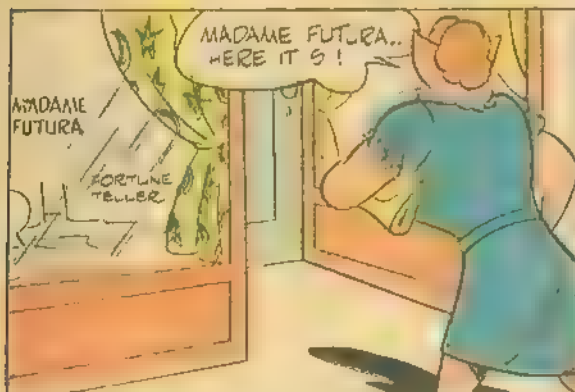
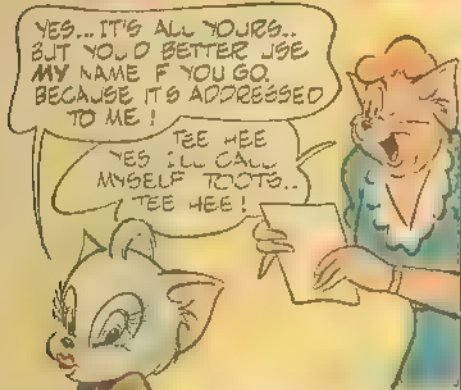
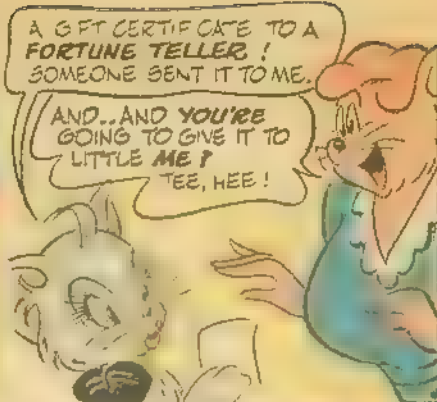
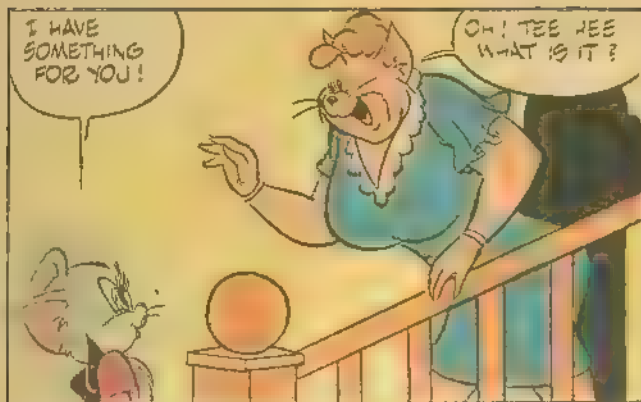


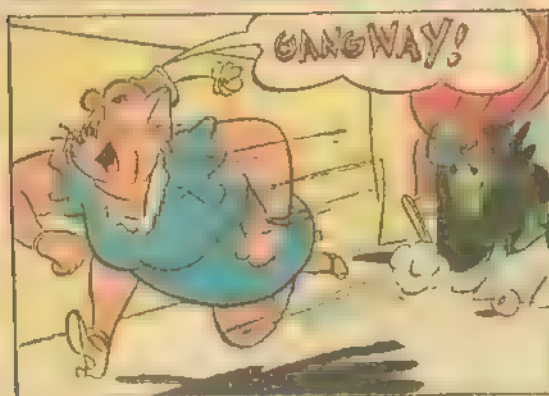
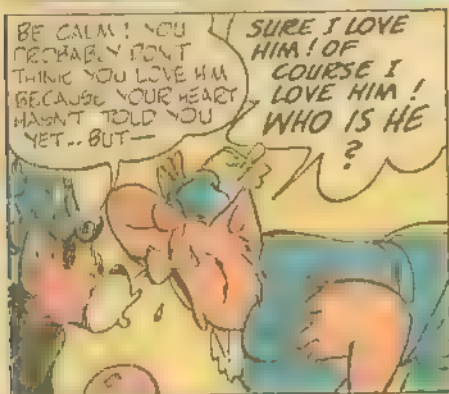
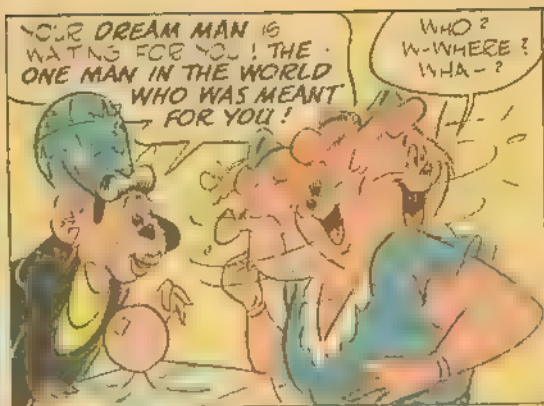
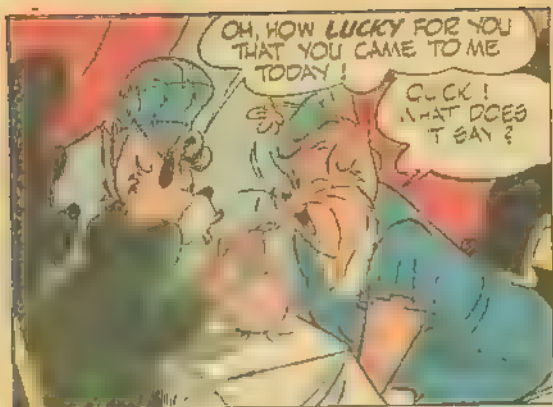


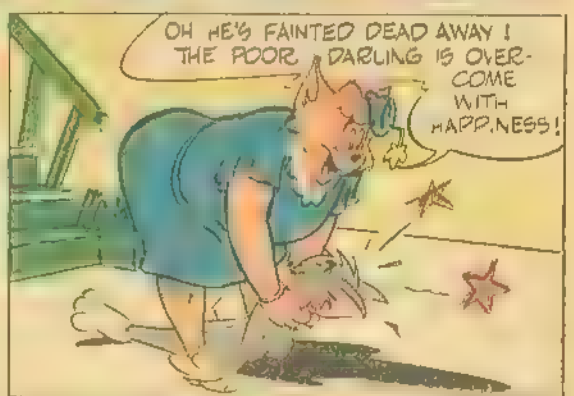
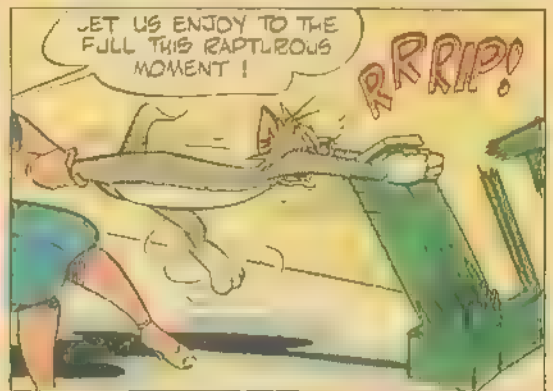
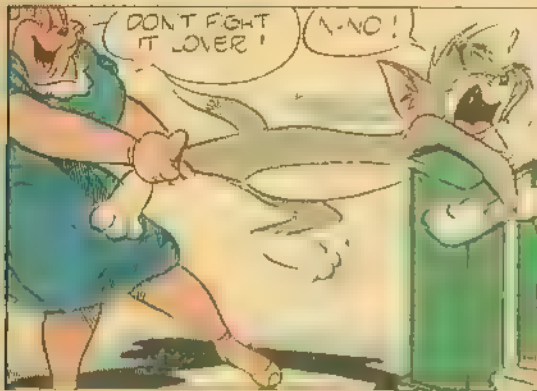
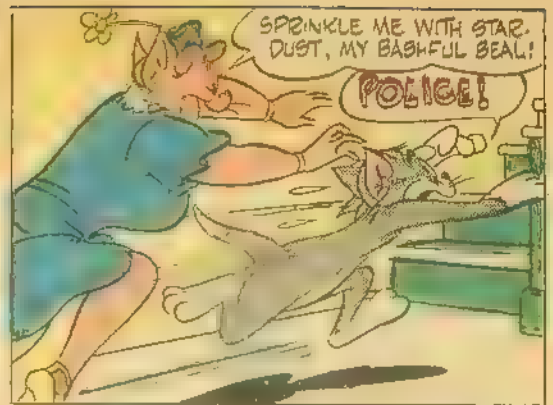
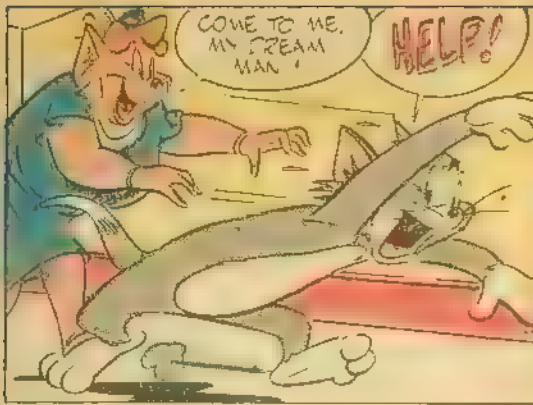
MGM presents
the Adventures
of **TOM**

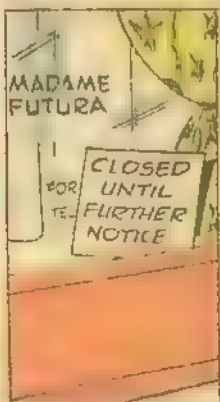
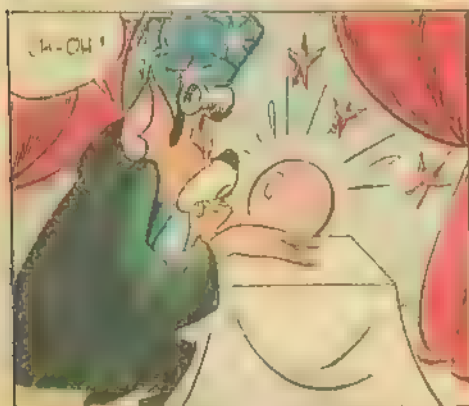
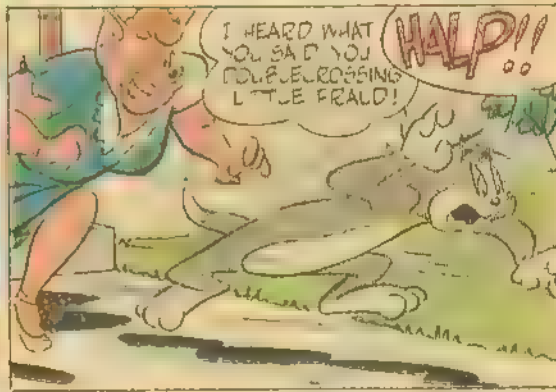
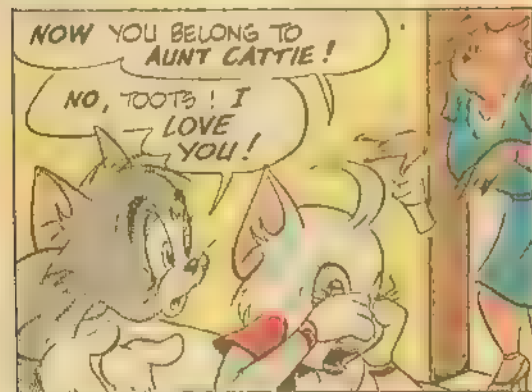
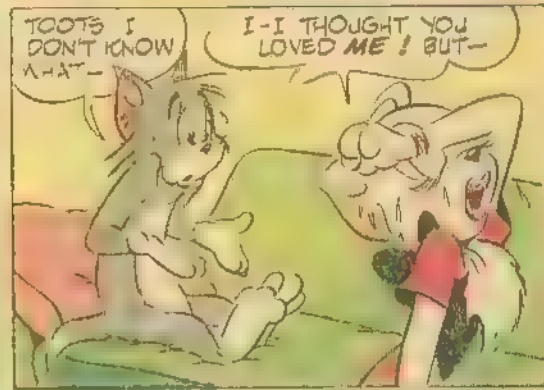
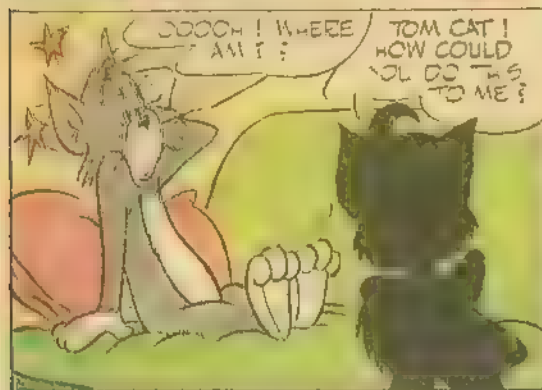
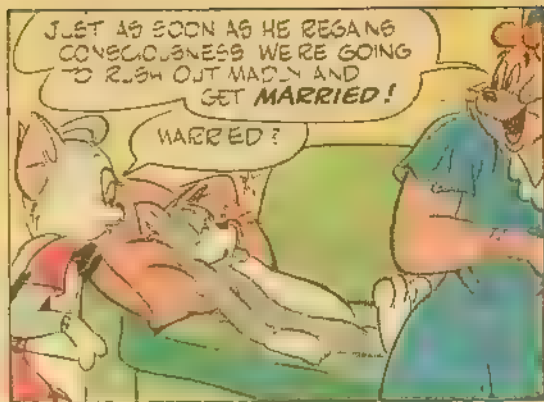
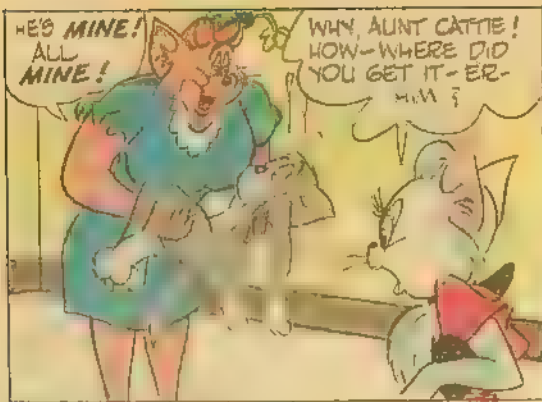












M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

the Adventures of Jerry

It was way after midnight when Jerry and Tuffy left the pantry. Earlier that night Tuffy had discovered a box of crackers which someone had carelessly left open, and the hungry little mice had made the most of the opportunity.

"Boy, I'm stuffed up to here," said Tuffy, reaching up and indicating a spot a half inch above his head.

"If I tried to swallow one more crumb, I'd split open like a hot chestnut," said Jerry.

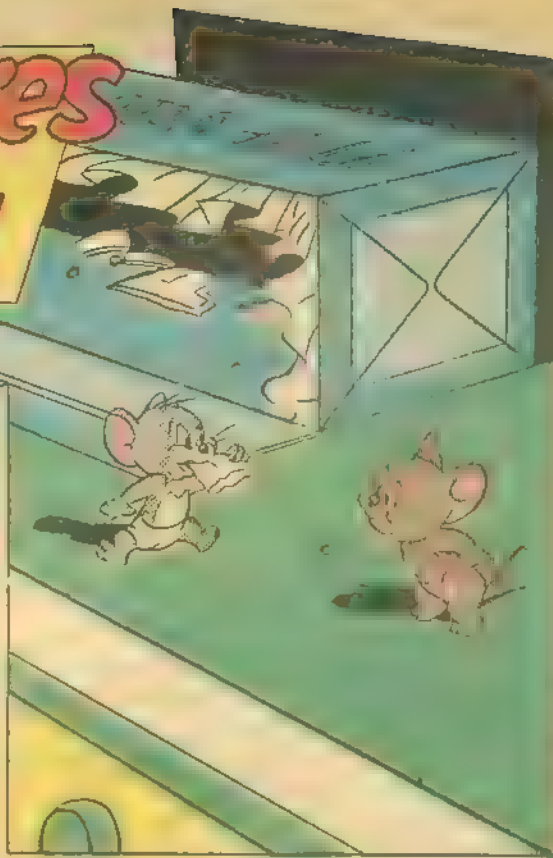
"What I need now is a long rest," said Tuffy, his eyes drooping sleepily.

"Yeh, but don't fall asleep now," said Jerry, "we're not home yet."

The little mice didn't have much farther to go. The entrance to their mousehole apartment was situated in a dark corner of the hallway, and they were already more than halfway home.

"Hey! What's that?" hissed Jerry. He grabbed sleepy-eyed Tuffy by an arm bringing him to a halt.

"Who's what?" muttered Tuffy.



"Let's go to bed."

"Tuffy! Wake up! Look!" chattered Jerry in a frightened voice. He was pointing directly ahead into the darkness of the hall. Then, before he could say anything more, a weird ghostly cry floated out of the darkness. "O-o-o-o-oh!"

"What's that?" squeaked Tuffy, his eyes popping open.

"Look! Over there!" whispered Jerry pointing to a dim white shape that seemed to hang suspended above the floor. The terrible thing was directly between the mice and the safety of their little mousehole.

"It's—it's a ghost!" stammered Tuffy, who was almost frozen with fright.

"O-o-o-o-oh!" the chilling cry came once more.

"Listen, ghost," cried Jerry, "we haven't done anything to you. Please don't hurt us!"

"Yeh, that's right," spoke up Tuffy. "We've always **LIKED** ghosts. As a matter of fact our favorite uncle, Uncle Mozart Mouse, is a ghost. Aunt Mabel saw him just after he passed away. He—"

"O-a-o-o-oh, shut up!" groaned the ghost in the hallway.

"I—I—we're sorry if w-we disturbed you," cried Jerry, "but w-we're on our way home. That's all."

"What are you doing out so late anyway?" said the ghost in a dreadful, hollow voice.

"W-We were in the pantry. We were hungry. We didn't think anybody would mind, if we helped ourselves to a few little things," cried Jerry.

"Oh, you didn't think anybody would mind, eh?" moaned the ghost. "Well, nobody **DOES** mind. Only us ghosts. And we're nobody."

"W-Well, we didn't know how you ghosts felt about it. We wouldn't be out this late if we thought you wouldn't like it," stammered Tuffy.

"Daytime is for living things. Night-time belongs to us," croaked the ghost, and he seemed to move closer.

Suddenly, with a wild unearthly shriek the ghost flung himself on the two little mice. But as fast as he was, Jerry and Tuffy were even faster. They streaked around the hallway with almost the speed of light, dodging the fearful white grasping thing, until they finally shot through the door of their mousehole. Later, Jerry and Tuffy were to discover the hair on their chests slightly singed, so great was the speed of their frightened little legs.

But now, their hearts thumping wildly, they crouched under the pin-cushion bed and waited for the ghost to come into the mousehole after them. They had no doubt that a ghost could squeeze himself into any shape, and as big as he was, have no trouble getting through the little doorway.

But he didn't follow them. He remained outside for a moment or two laughing fiendishly.

"I'll get you yet," he threatened.



Then all was silence.

Jerry finally spoke. "G-Gosh! I didn't know the house was haunted."

"What are we gonna do?" cried Tuffy. "We got to go to the pantry at night. It's the only time we're safe!"

"Not any more," said Jerry. "I'd rather take a chance on going out in the daytime."

"I wonder why he didn't follow us in here," said Tuffy. "I've heard that a ghost can even go through a keyhole."

"Yeh, and that ghost really **TRIED** to catch us out there," said Jerry.

"Say, Jerry," said Tuffy, "one thing that puzzles me—" Here Tuffy paused for a moment.

"What?" said Jerry.

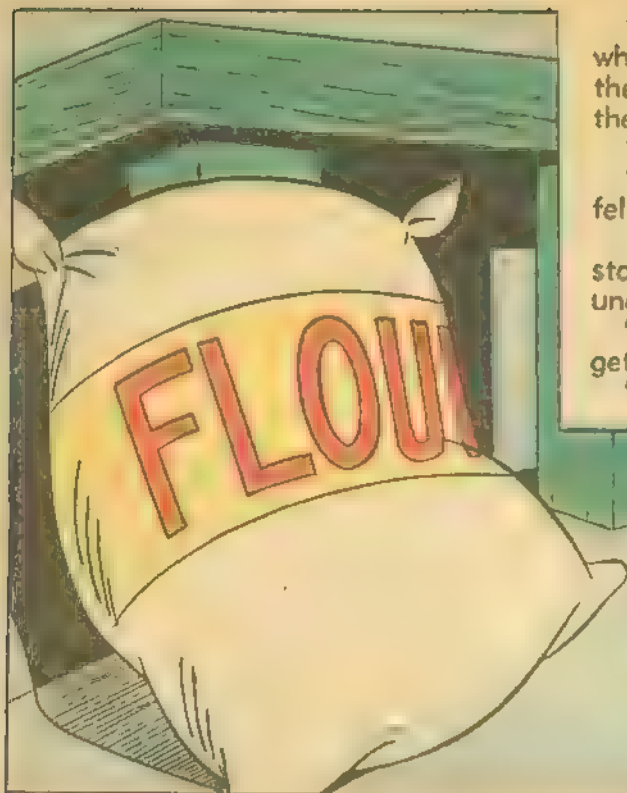
"I—I'm pretty sure that ghost had a **TAIL!** A—a cat's tail!"

"What?" squeaked Jerry. "Are you sure?"

"Yep, I'm sure I saw a tail sticking out when I ran behind him," answered Tuffy.

"A tail, eh?" mused Jerry. "Well, that, added to the fact that he couldn't squeeze into our mousehole, leads me to one conclusion. It wasn't a ghost."

"Wh-Who was it then?" cried Tuffy.



"He's got another think coming," whispered Jerry. It was pitch dark in the cupboard and Jerry took Tuffy by the hand.

"Over this way," he whispered.

"Ow!" cried Tuffy, "a drop of water fell on my head!"

"Shhh, I know," said Jerry, "we're standing directly under a leaky pipe under the cupboard."

"B-But why?" chattered Tuffy. "I'm getting all wet!"

"I'm getting all wet, too," said Jerry.



"Who else but ol' Tom cat," answered Jerry.

"Tom cat!" echoed Tuffy. "Of course! Even the voice sounded like Tom cat's, come to think of it."

"Yeh, we were too frightened to think straight," said Jerry.

"Why that big bonehead?" shrieked Tuffy. "He can't get away with that! I'm gonna go right out there an'—"

"Now wait a minute," said Jerry grabbing the other angry little mouse who was crawling out from under the bed. "Let's use our heads for a change!"

"I'm gonna use my tists on that numskull, that's what I'm gonna do!" shouted the enraged Tuffy.

"No, No! I got a better idea," said Jerry calmly. "Follow me." With Jerry leading, the little mice crept out of the mousehole and softly made their way back to the pantry. All was quiet and there was no sign at all of the ghost.

"I guess he thinks he scared us so bad we won't leave the mousehole for a month," sniffed Tuffy,

"This is part of the plan."

When the mice were thoroughly wet, Jerry led the way to the top shelf of the cupboard where a large bag of flour was kept. An opening was forced in the top of the bag and the mice crawled inside. When they came out they were covered from head to foot with a thick coat of flour.

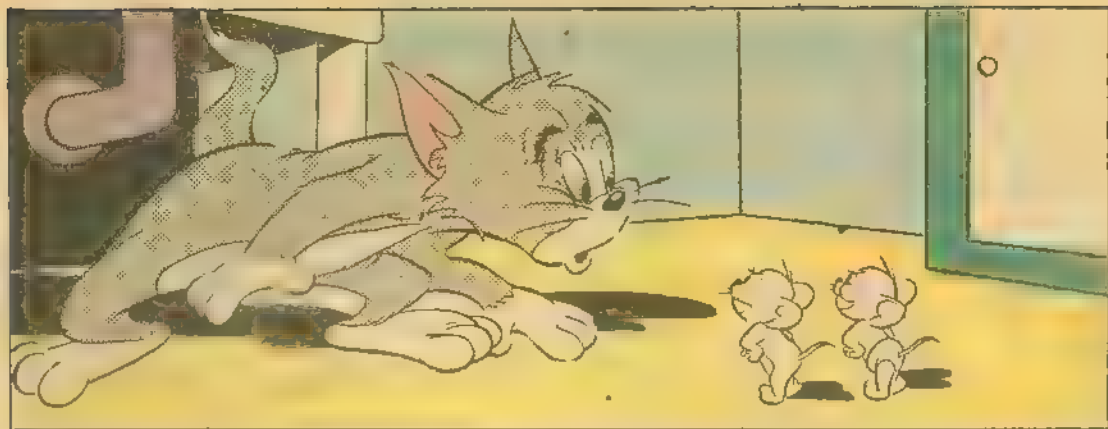
"Gosh, Jerry," said Tuffy, "you look just like a ghost!"

"That's the idea," said Jerry. "C'mon, now we're going to find ol' Tom cat."

"I'm beginning to see the point," said Tuffy. "Let's go."

The two ghostly white little mice quickly raced to the kitchen where they knew Tom would be lying under the sink. Sure enough, he was stretched out in his favorite spot and sound asleep. There was a satisfied smile on his face and he uttered a faint "o-o-o-o-oh" every little while.

"Listen, Jerry," whispered Tuffy. "He's making the same noise he made when he was playing ghost."



"YOW!" roared Jerry.

"Huh? Whazzat? Who—?" Tom sat up straight and looked around him fearfully.

"What did you do to my little nephew?" moaned Jerry in his deepest voice.

"Nephews? Wh-Who are you?" stammered Tom. He could now see the white mice standing before him.

"I am the ghost of Uncle Mozart, Jerry and Tuffy's favorite uncle," said Jerry.

"And I am the ghost of Aunt Mabel who passed away only recently," piped Tuffy.

"Wh-What do you want w-with me?" croaked the terrified cat.

"Daytime is for live things. Night-time is for ghosts—real ghosts. You were a FAKE ghost," said Jerry.

"I—I was only fooling. Please don't harm me," pleaded Tom.

"We will spare you this time, but you have only one more chance. You will have to promise to stay under the kitchen sink every night from now on. If you so much as move a whisker, we will come after you!"

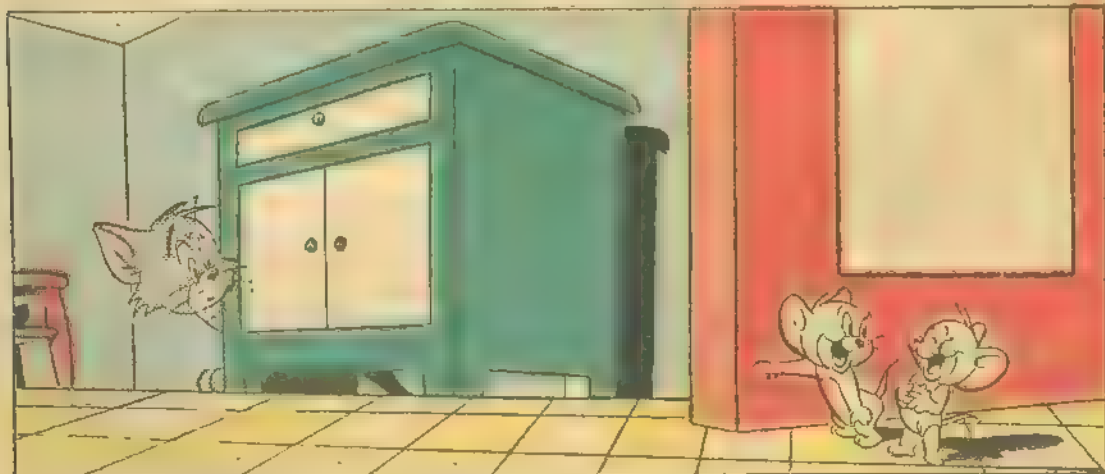
"Yes, yes! I promise! I promise!" cried Tom.

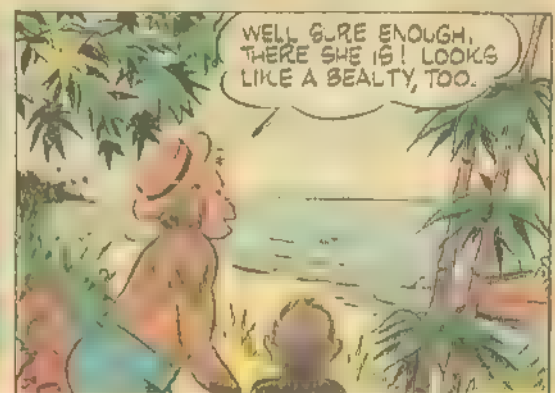
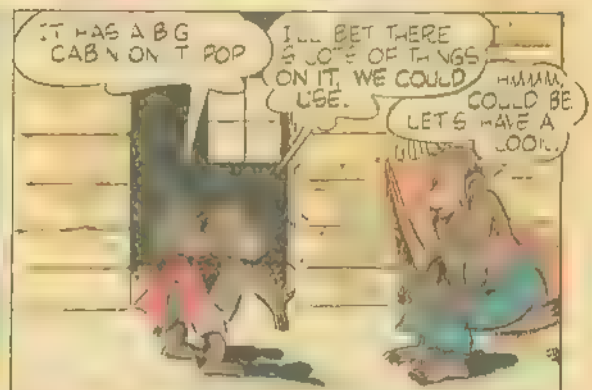
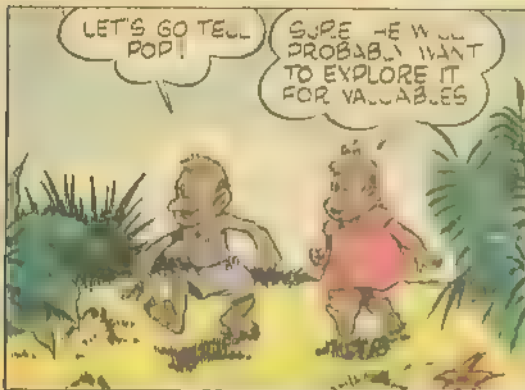
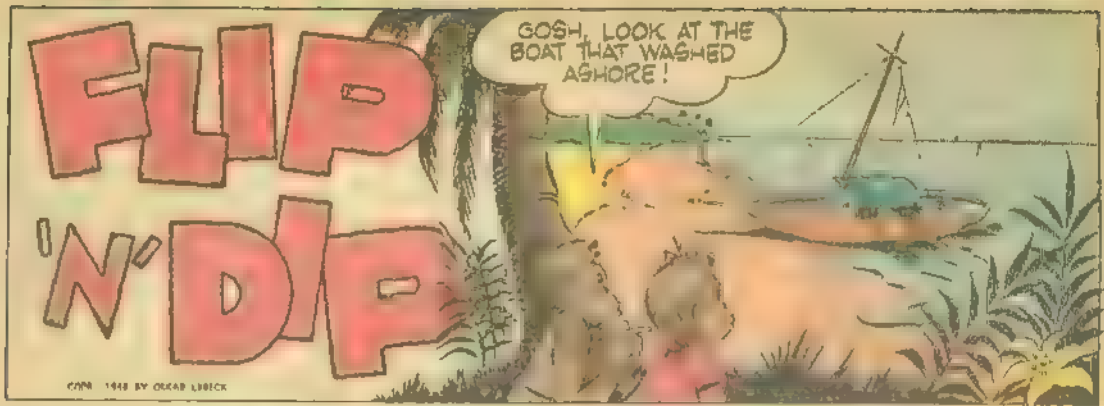
With that, the two little ghosts flitted lightly off into the darkness and left Tom shaking with fright in back of a kitchen cabinet.

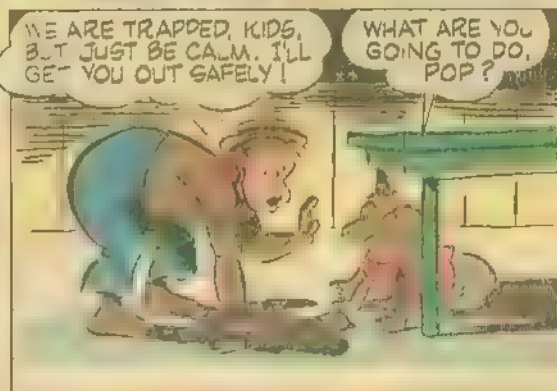
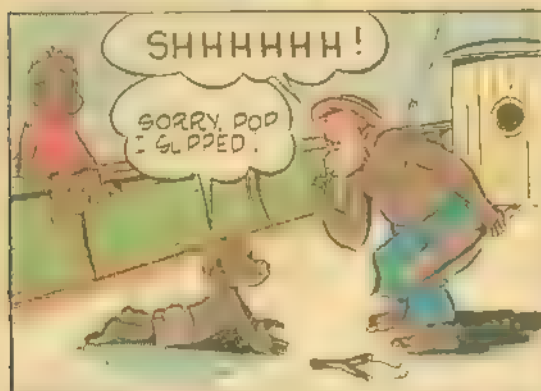
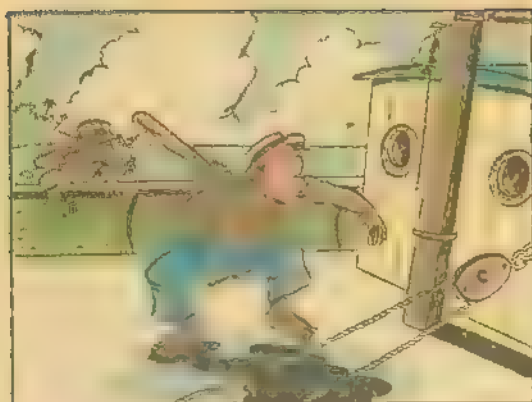
"Wow!" said Tuffy, "now we've got nothing to be afraid of! We can stroll back and forth to the pantry every night to our hearts' content."

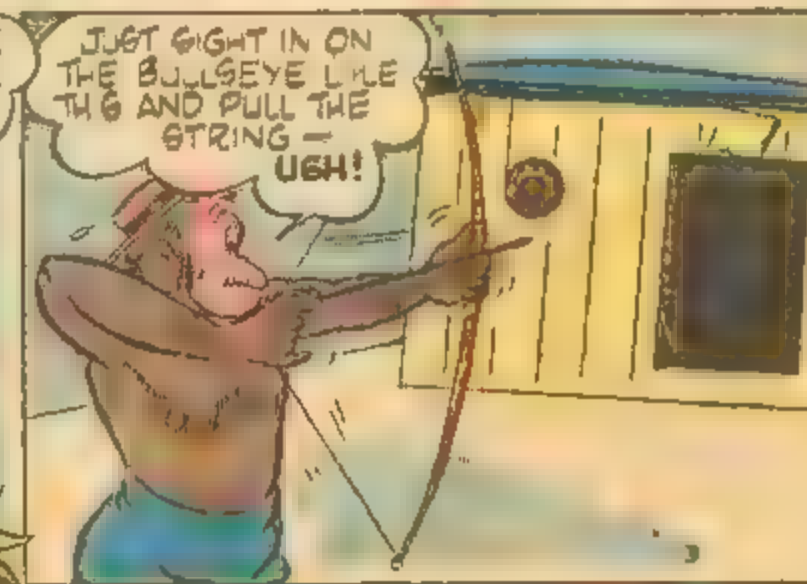
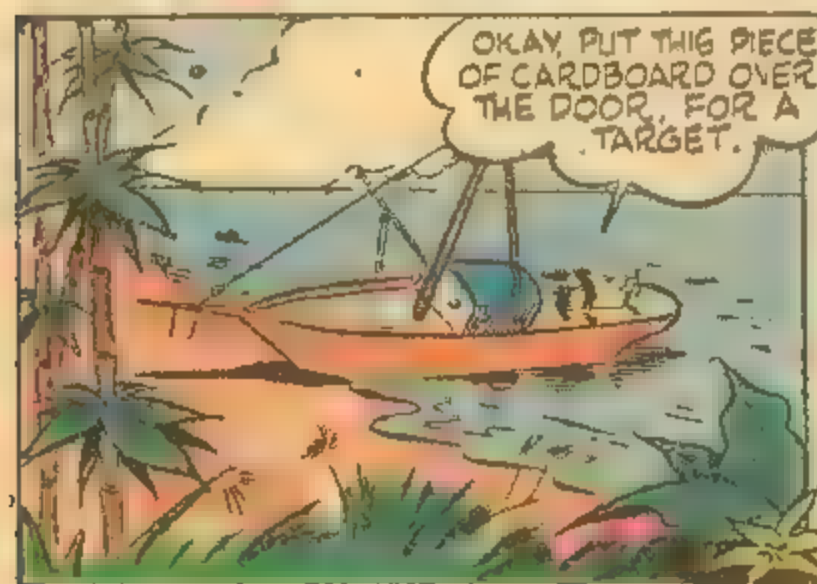
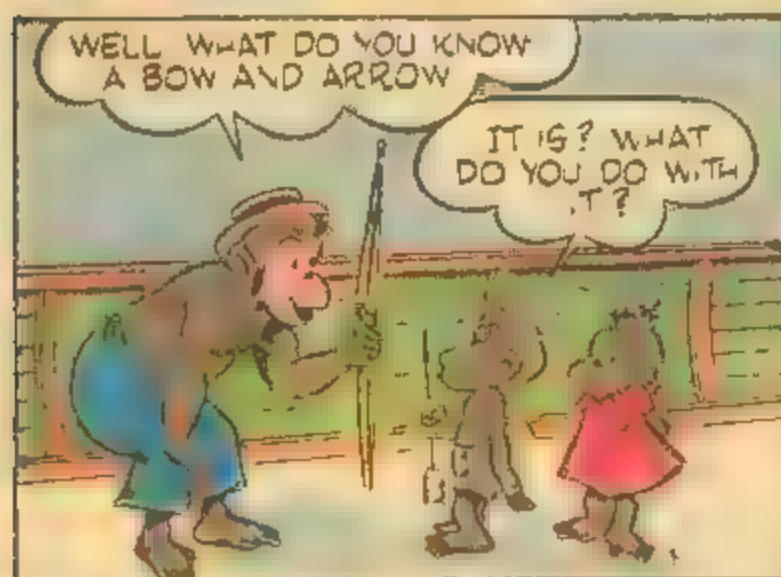
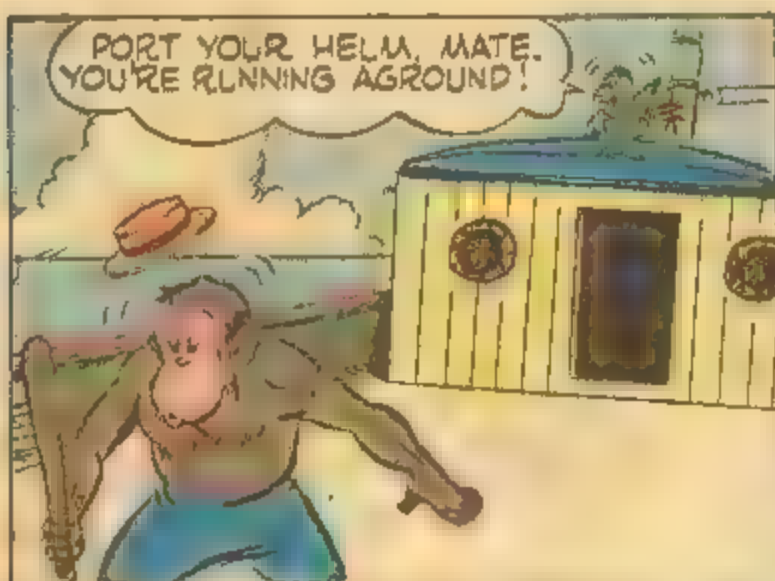
"Y'mean to our STOMACHS' content," said Jerry happily.

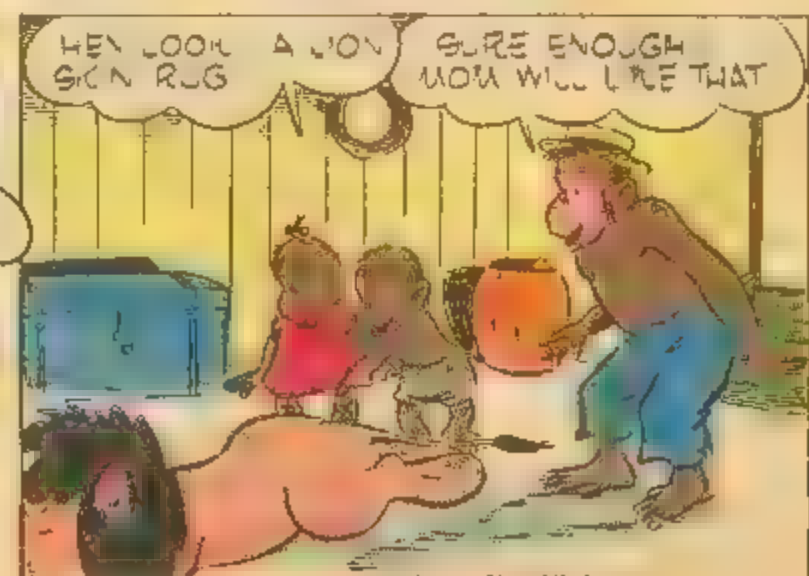
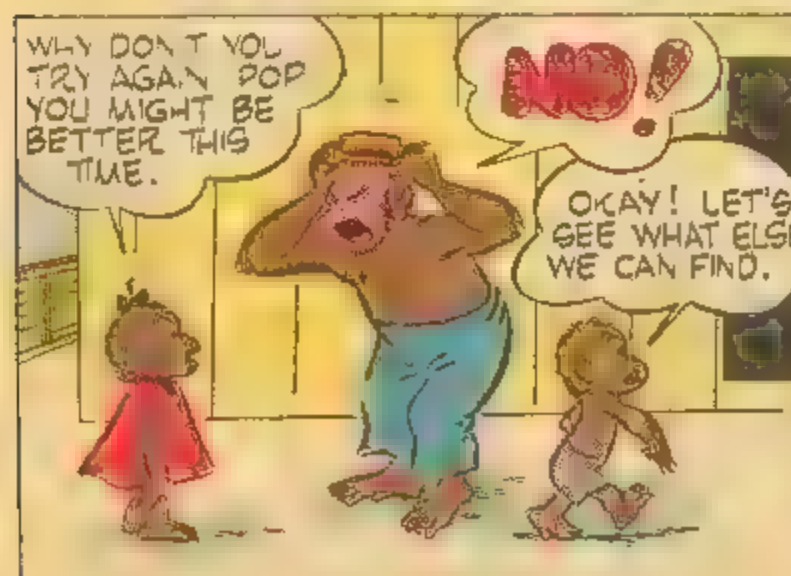
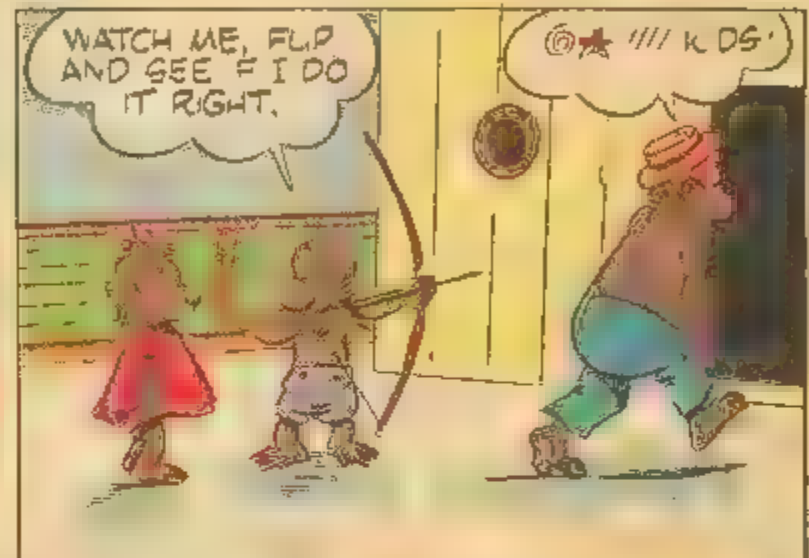
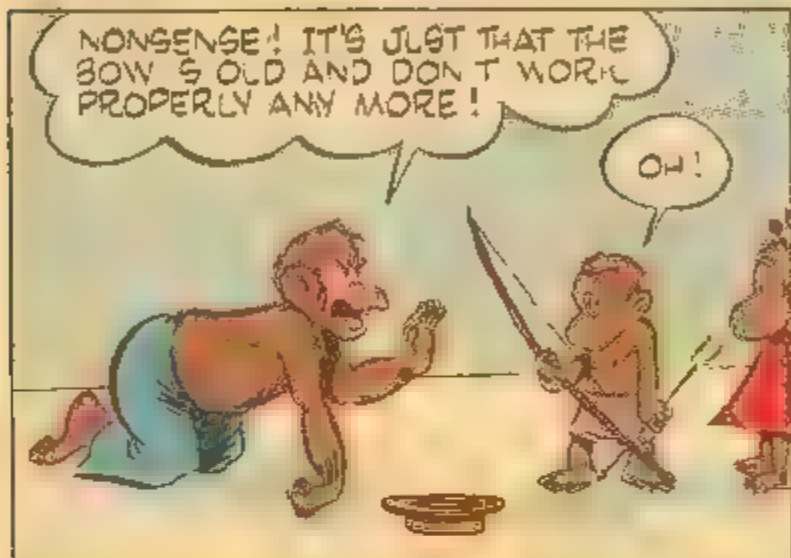
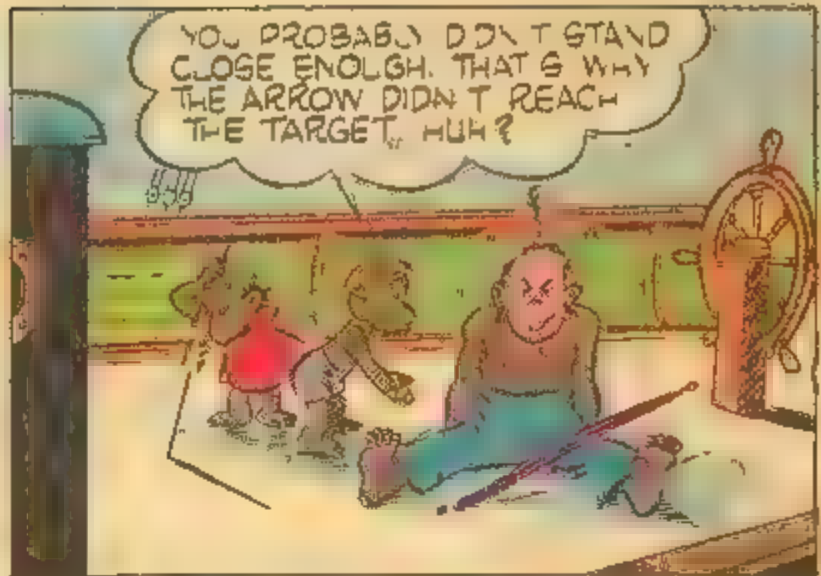
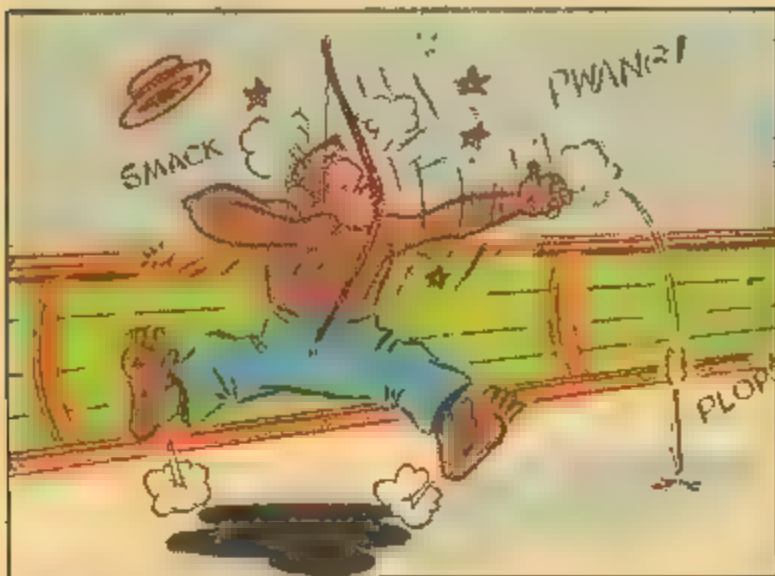
In a few seconds the two little ex-ghosts were curled up sound asleep on their pin-cushion bed. For some reason or other Tom didn't sleep a wink the rest of that night.

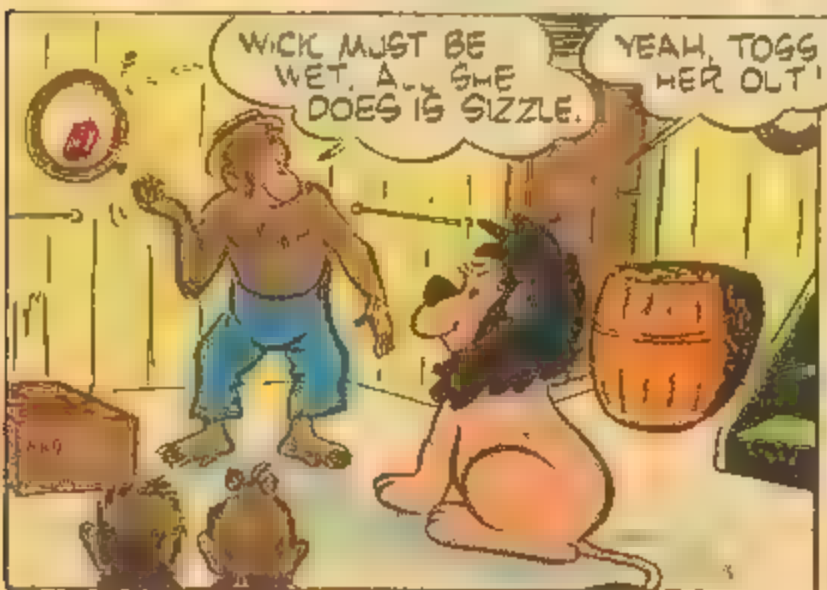
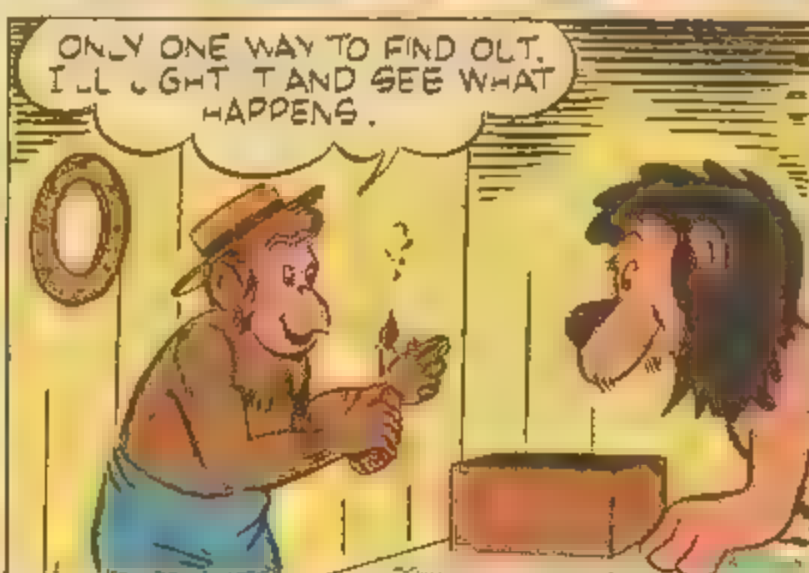
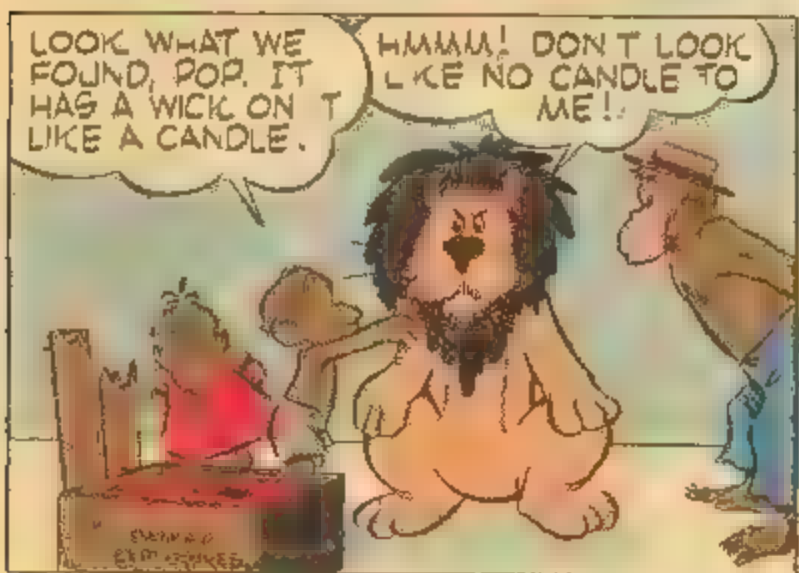
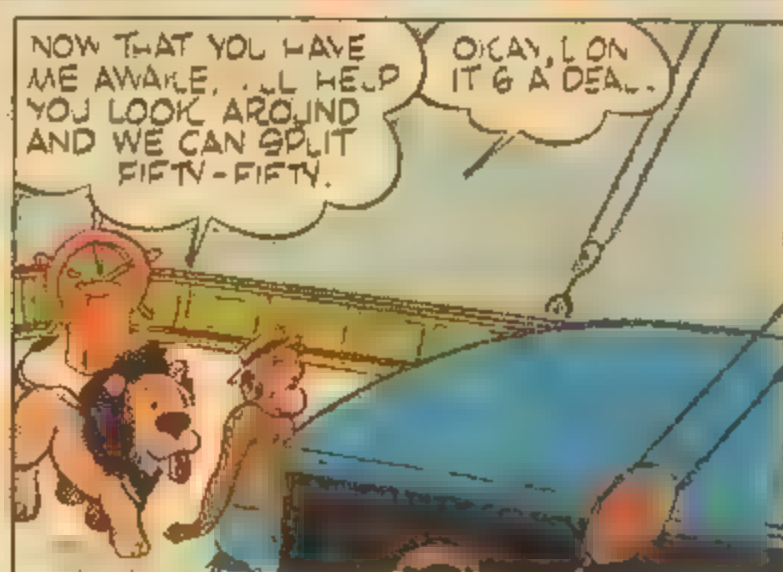
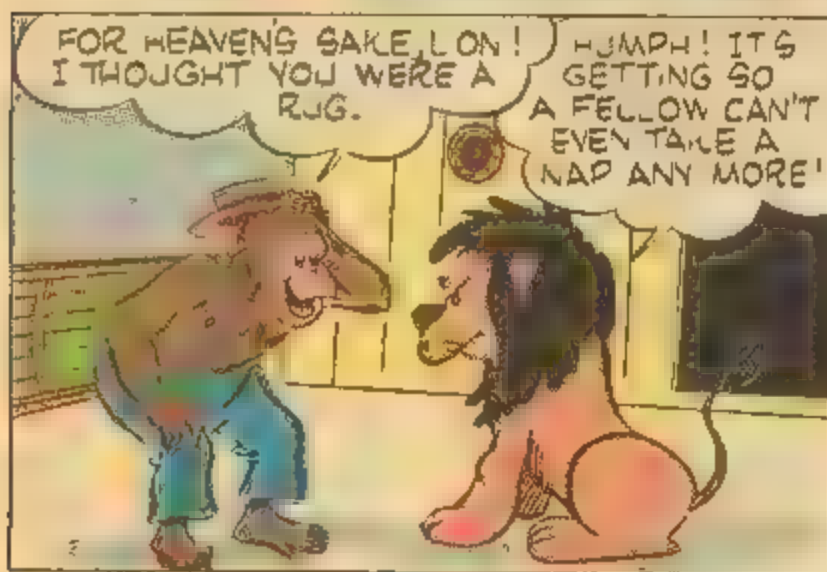
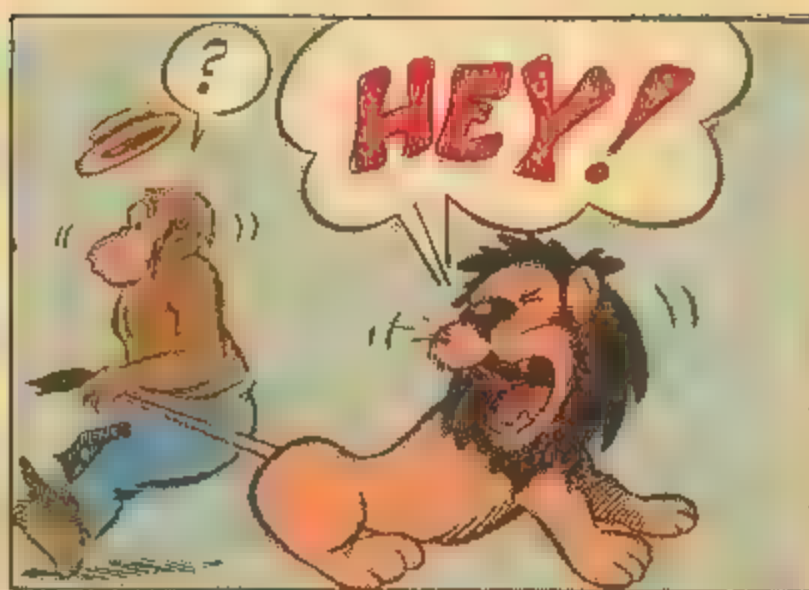
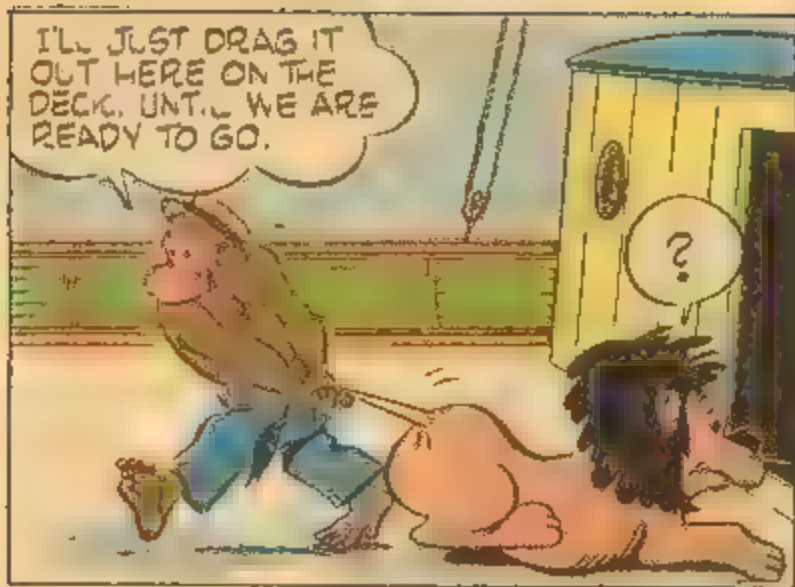


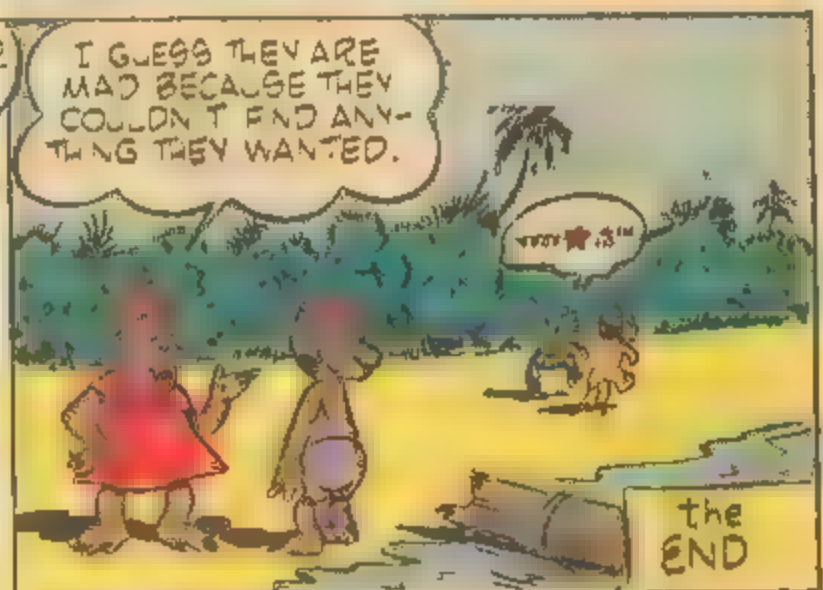
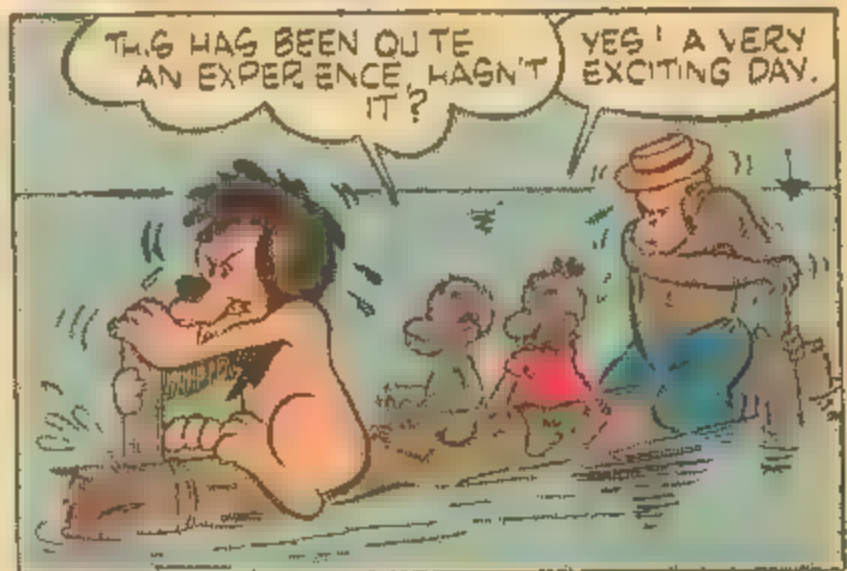
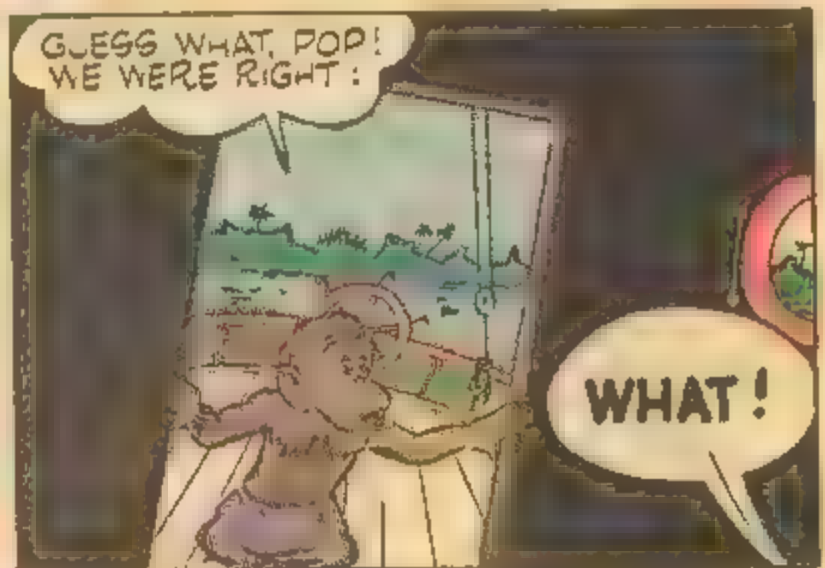
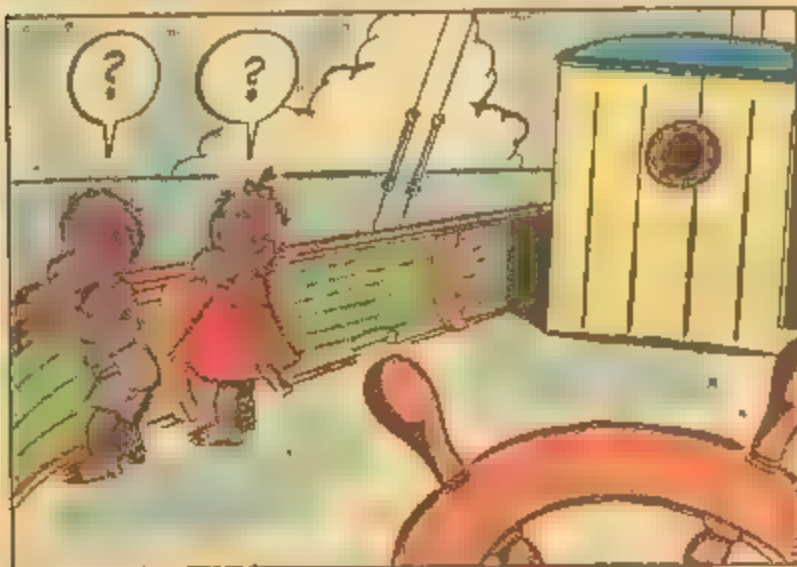
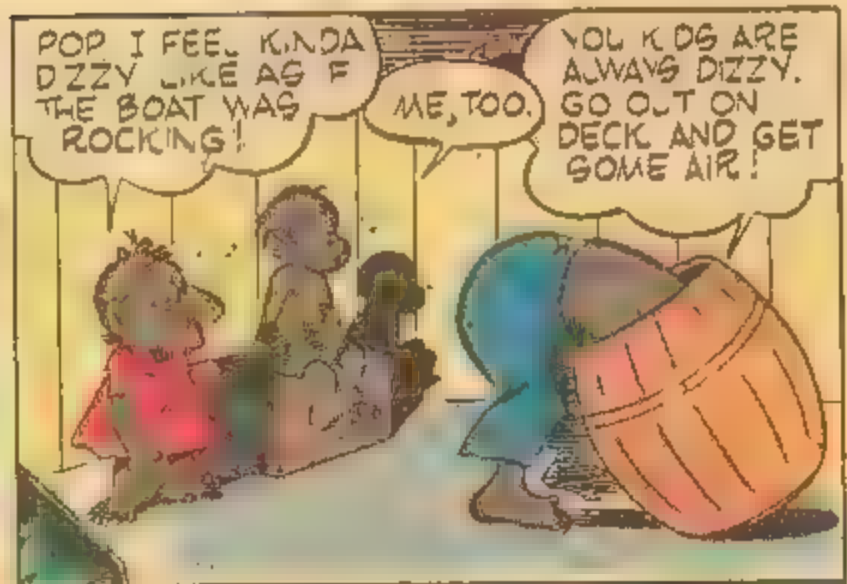
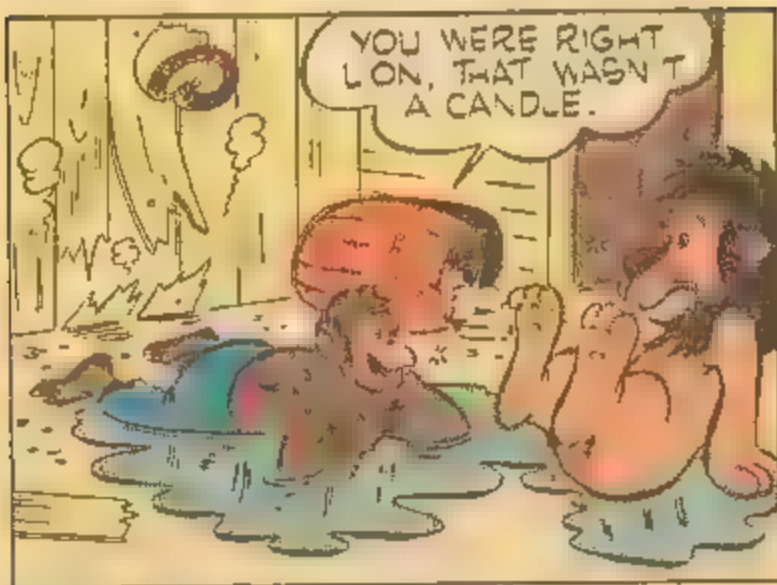


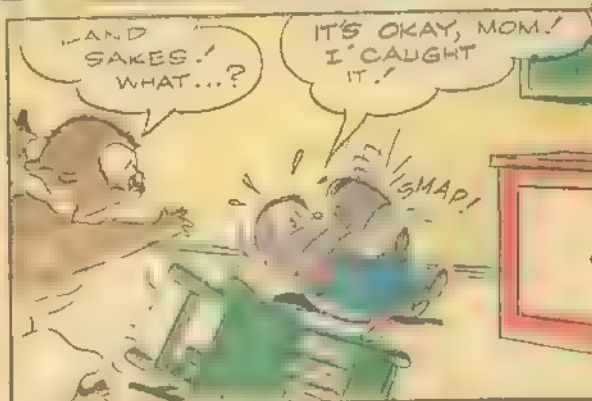
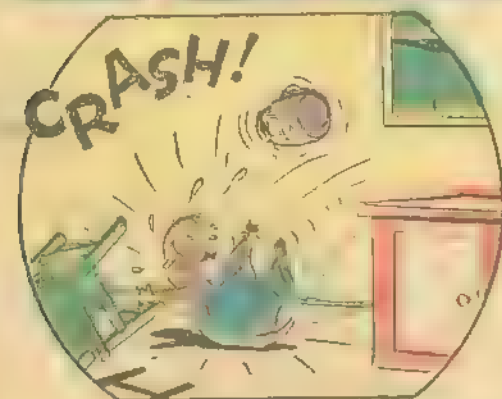
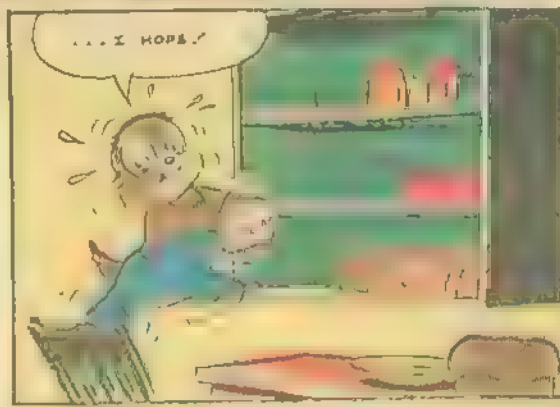
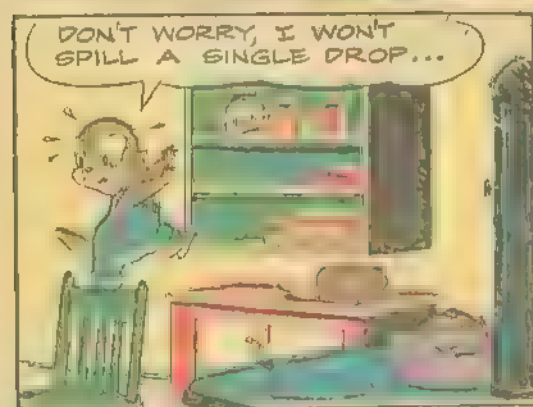
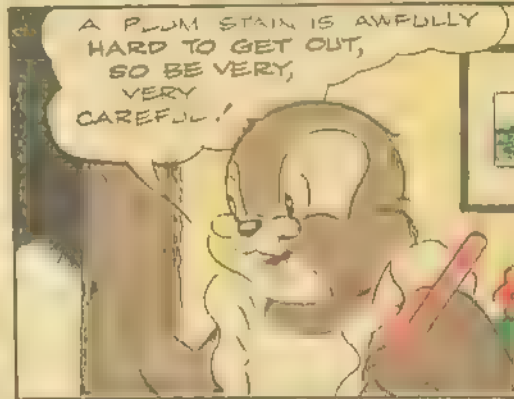
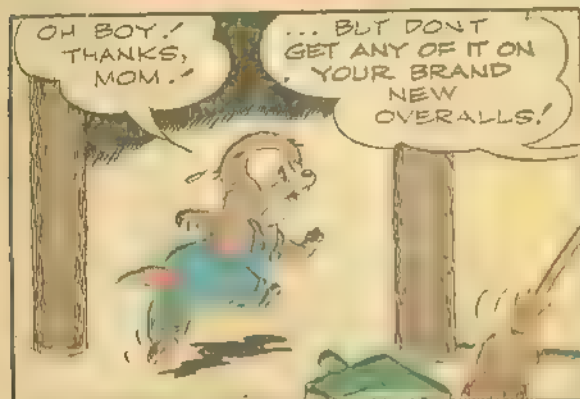
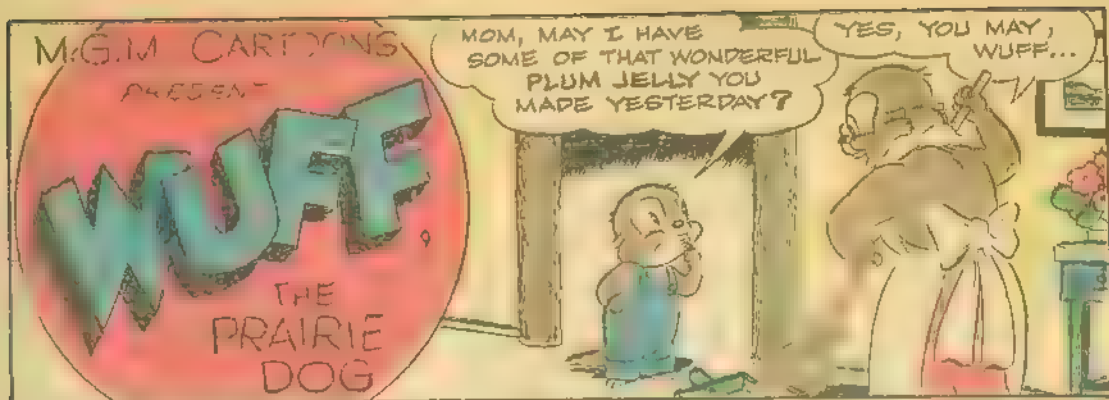


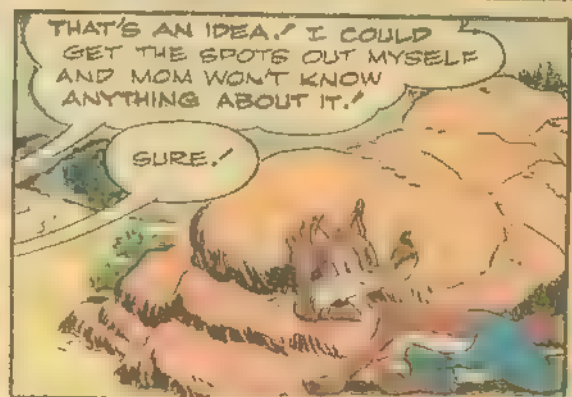
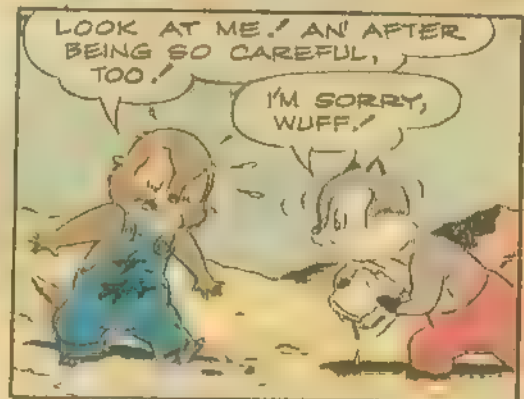
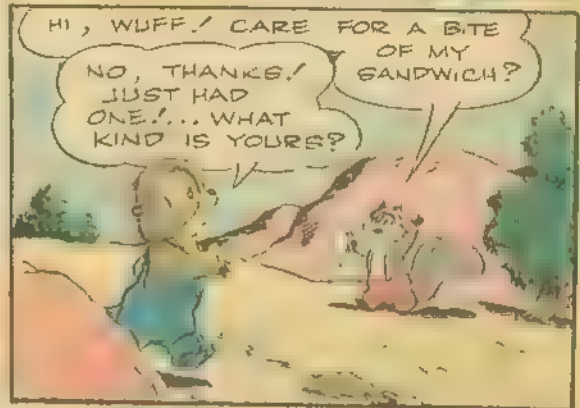
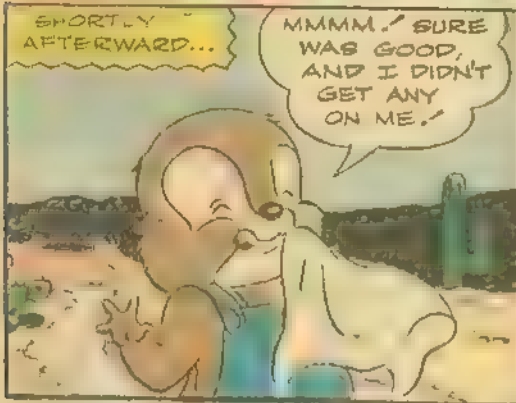
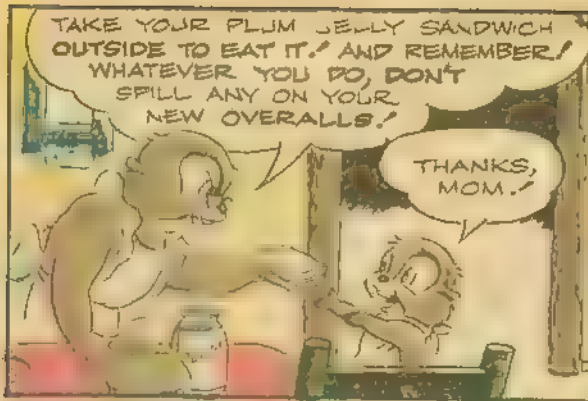


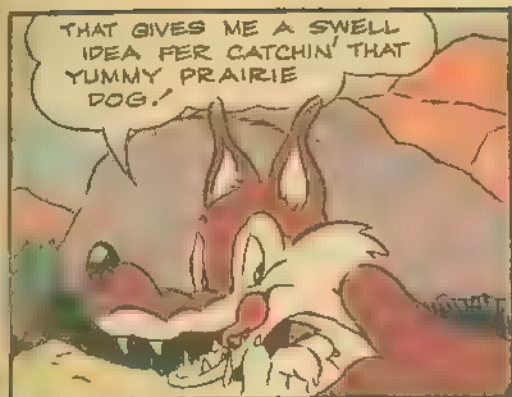




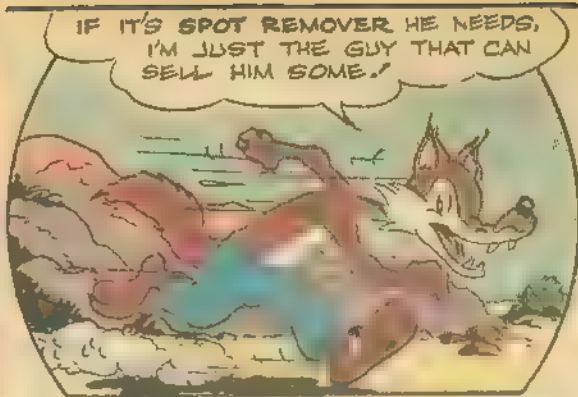




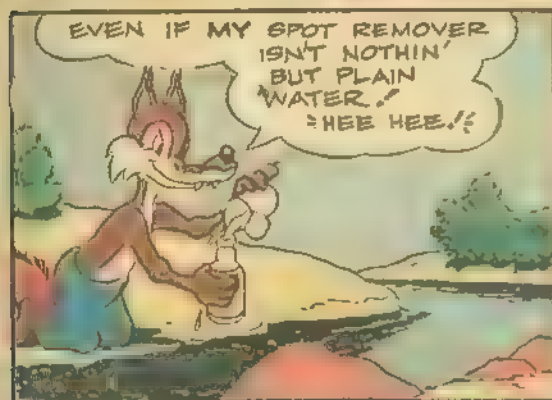




THAT GIVES ME A SWELL
IDEA FER CATCHIN' THAT
YUMMY PRAIRIE
DOG!



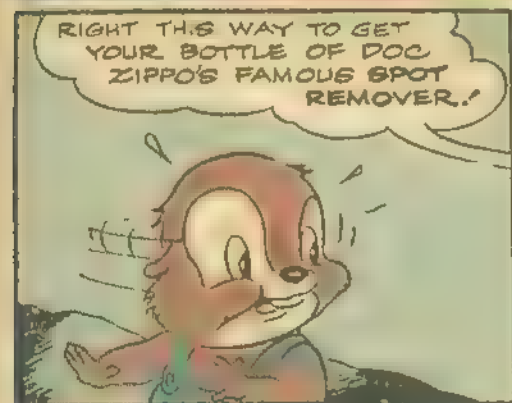
IF IT'S SPOT REMOVER HE NEEDS,
I'M JUST THE GUY THAT CAN
SELL HIM SOME!



EVEN IF MY SPOT REMOVER
ISN'T NOTHIN'
BUT PLAIN
WATER!
=HEE HEE! =



HERE HE COMES, LITTLE
DOES HE KNOW OF TH'
TRAP HE'S WALKIN'
INTO!



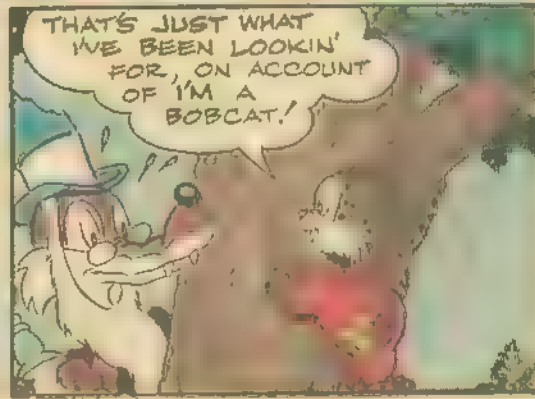
RIGHT THIS WAY TO GET
YOUR BOTTLE OF DOC
ZIPPO'S FAMOUS SPOT
REMOVER!



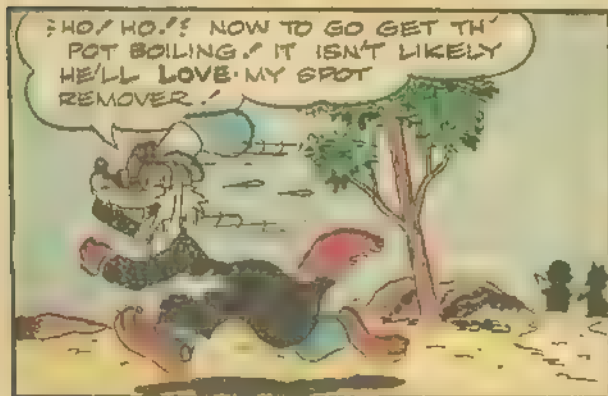
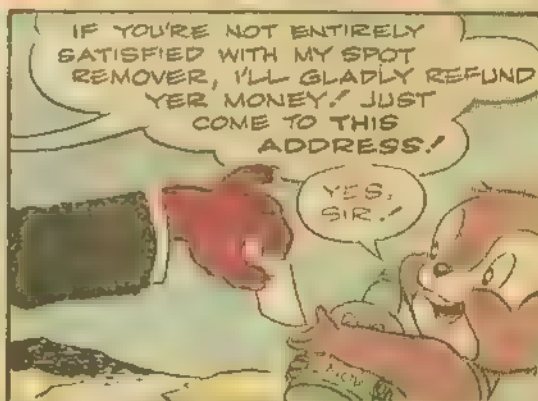
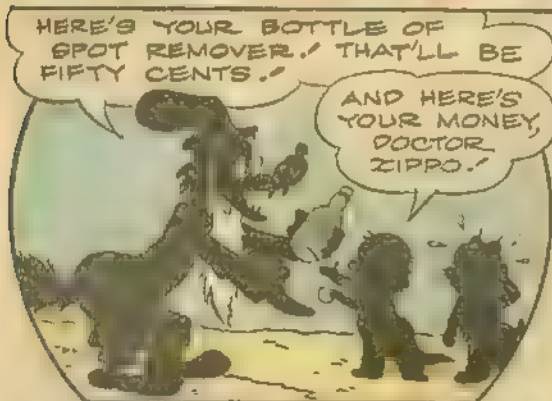
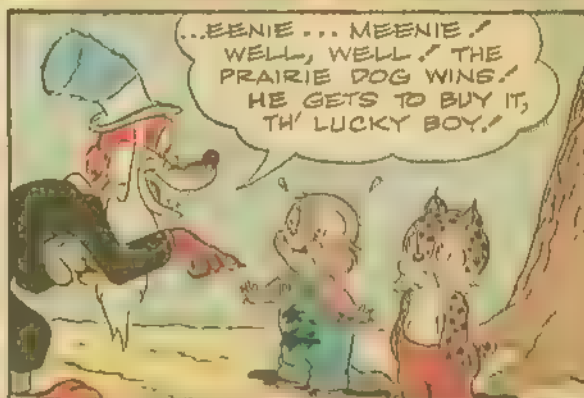
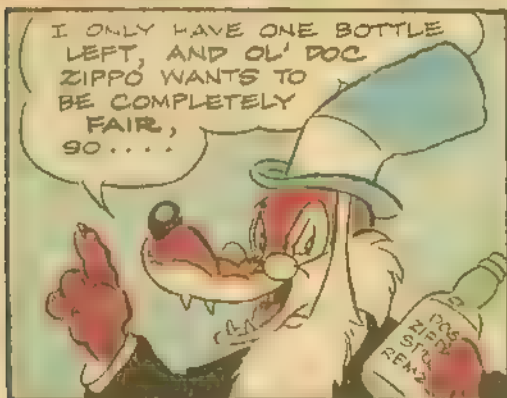
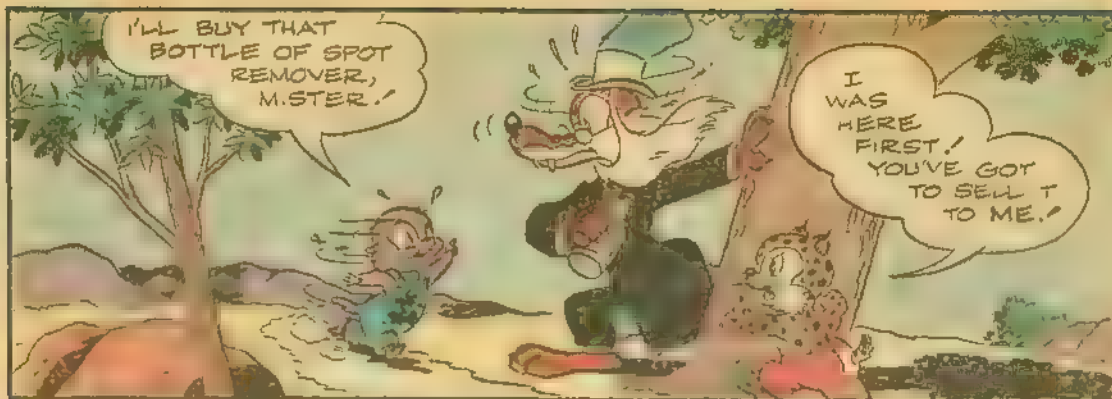
HURRY! HURRY!
ONLY
ONE
BOTTLE
LEFT!

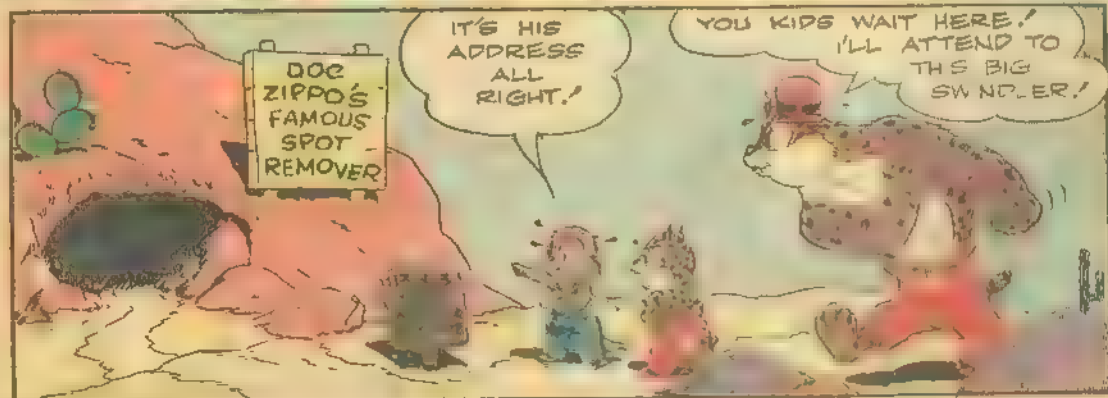
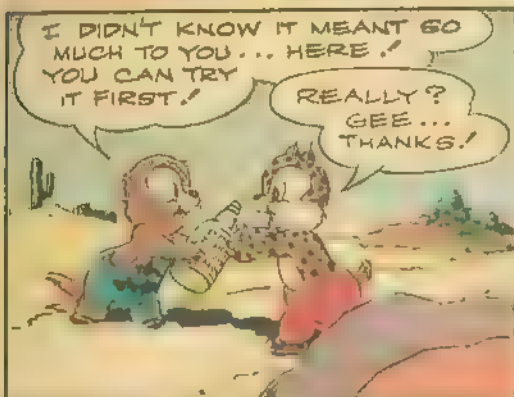
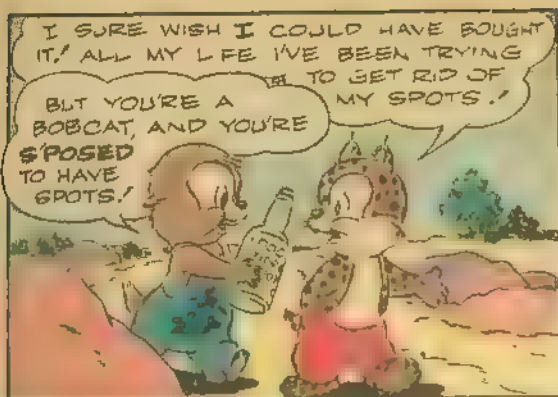


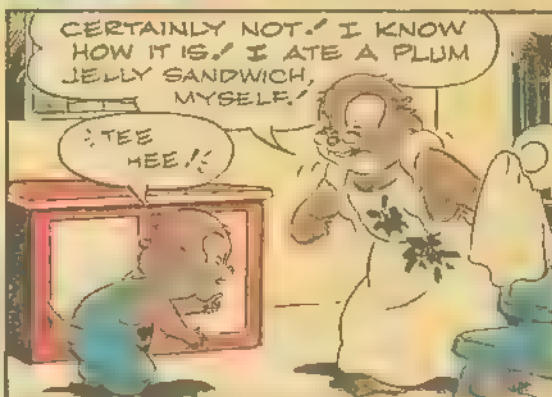
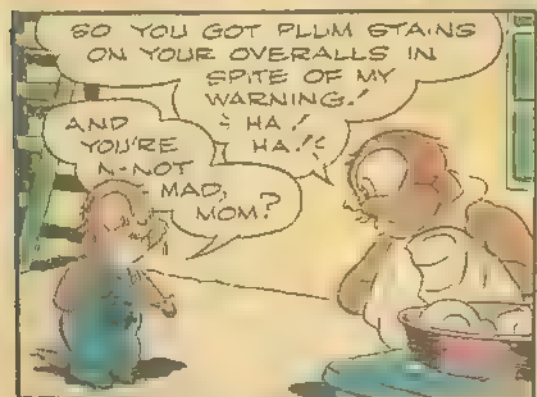
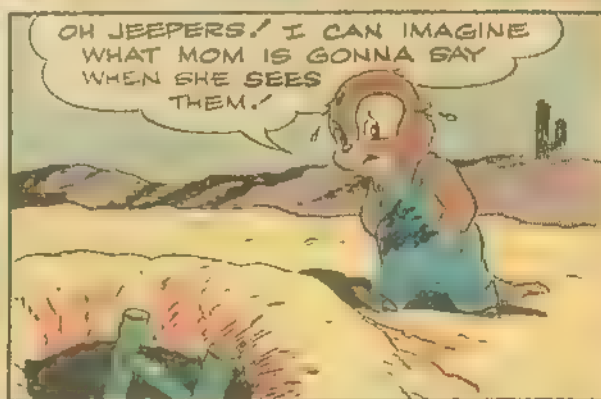
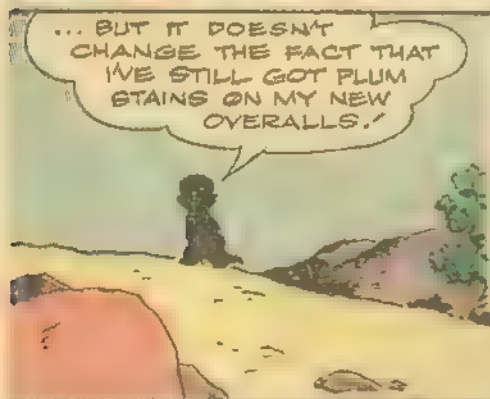
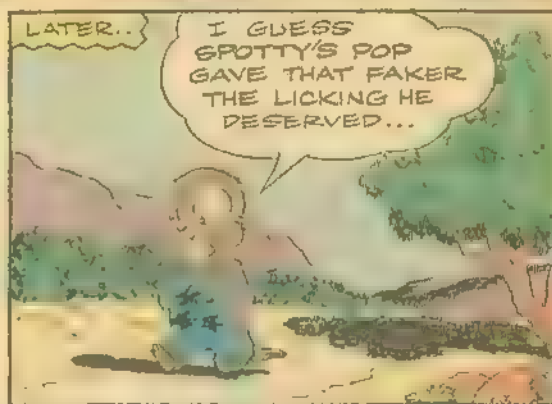
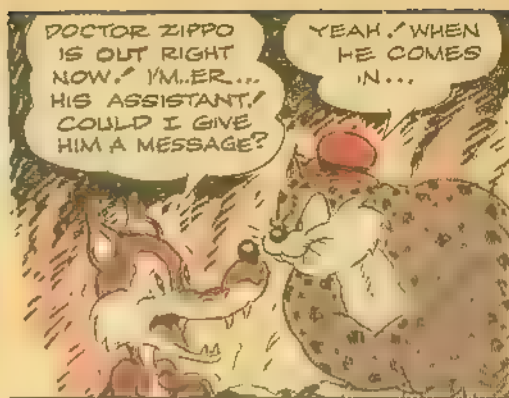
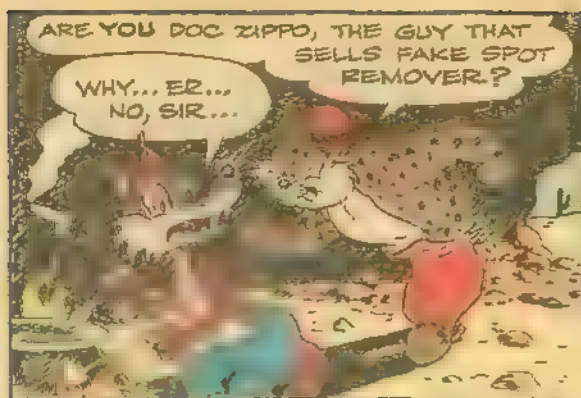
GUARANTEED TO EVEN
TAKE THE SPOTS
OFF A
BOBCAT!
=HEE HEE! =



THAT'S JUST WHAT
I'VE BEEN LOOKIN'
FOR, ON ACCOUNT
OF I'M A
BOBCAT!





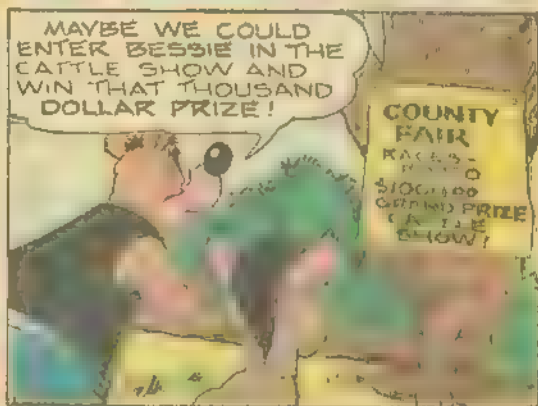
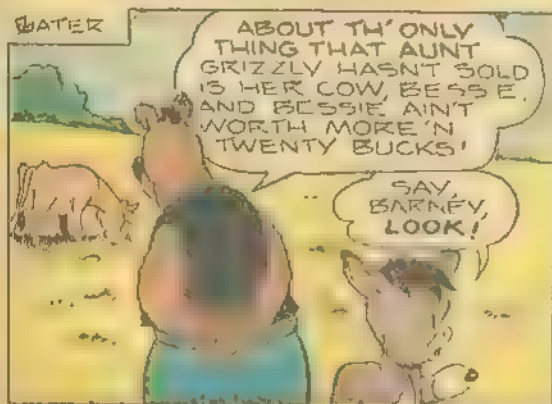
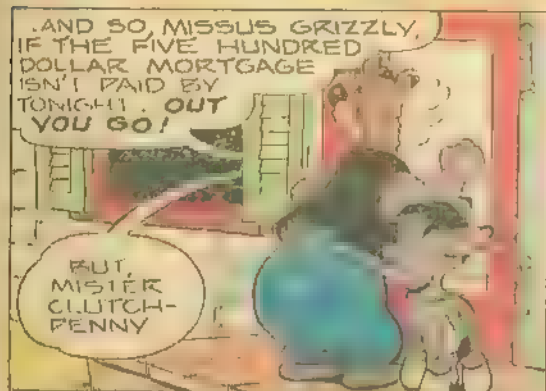


M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

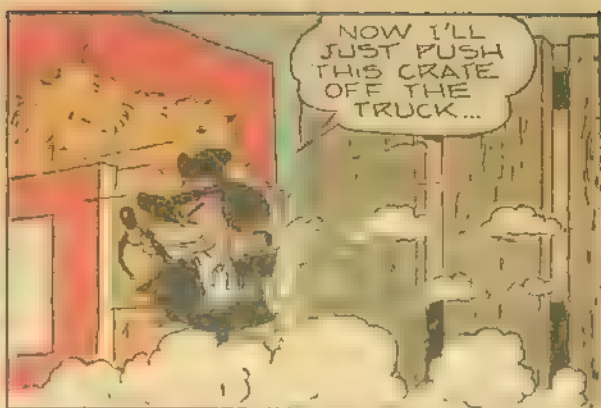
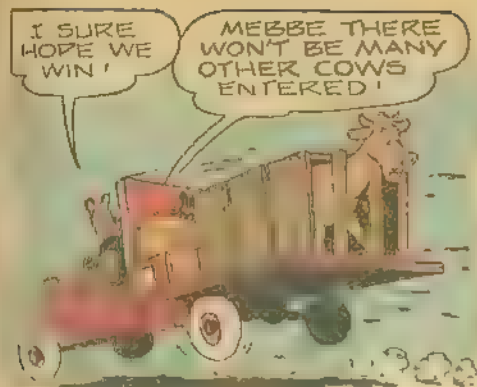
M-G-M CARTOONS *present*

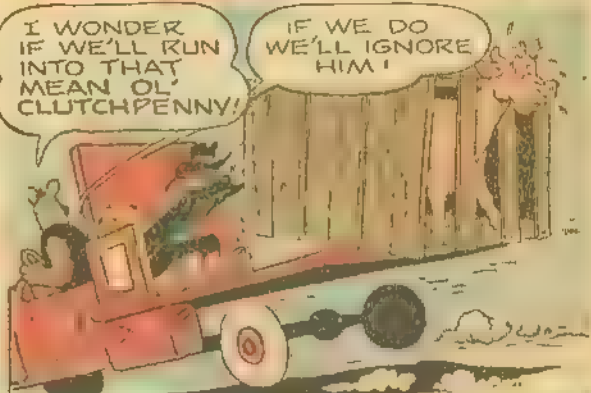
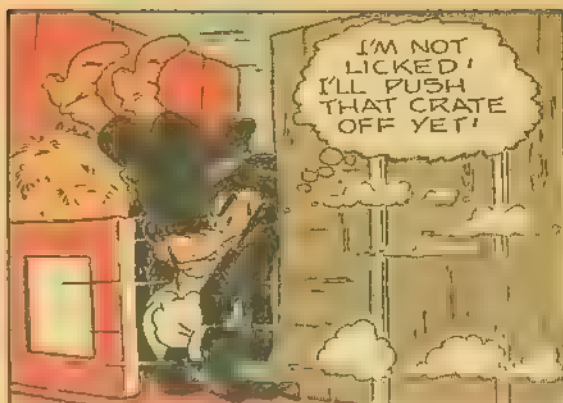
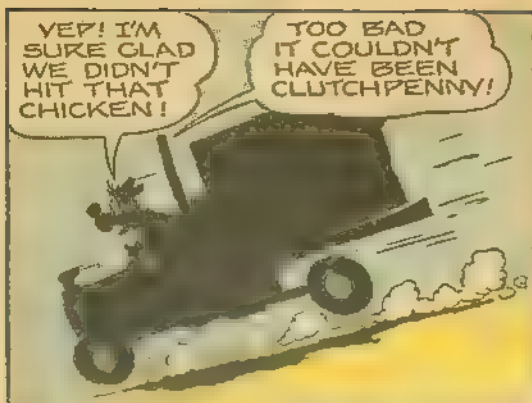
BARNEY BEAR *and* BENNY BURRO

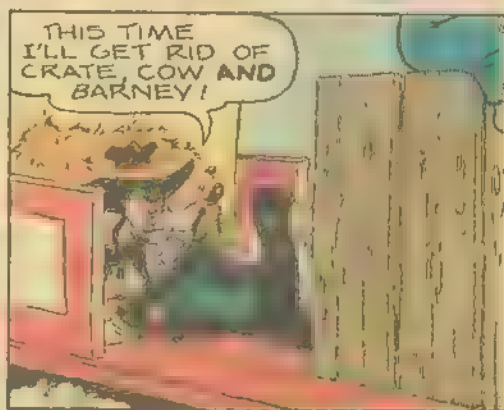
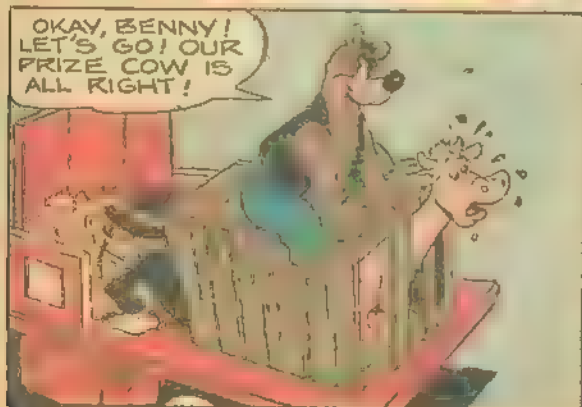
AUNT GRIZZLY ISN'T EXPECTING THIS SURPRISE VISIT, BENNY! SHE'LL BE TICKLED TO SEE US!

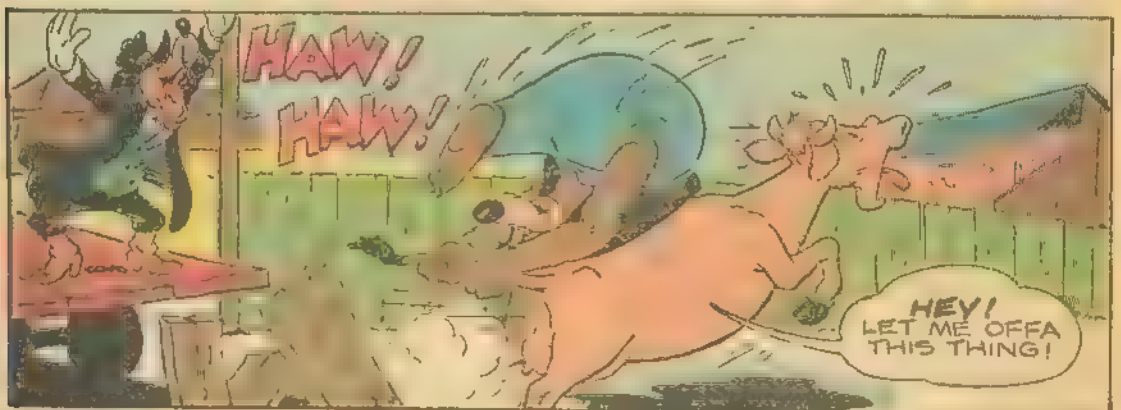
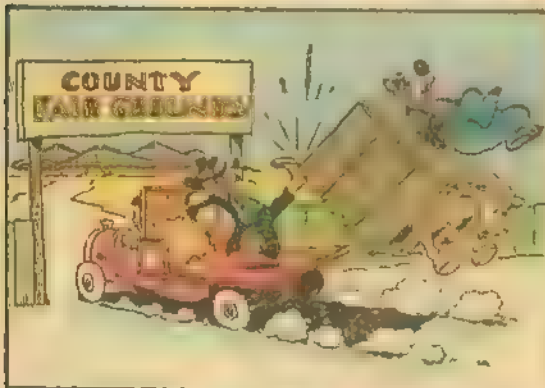
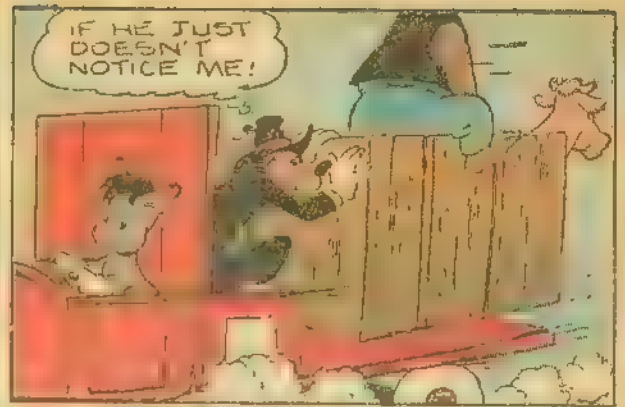
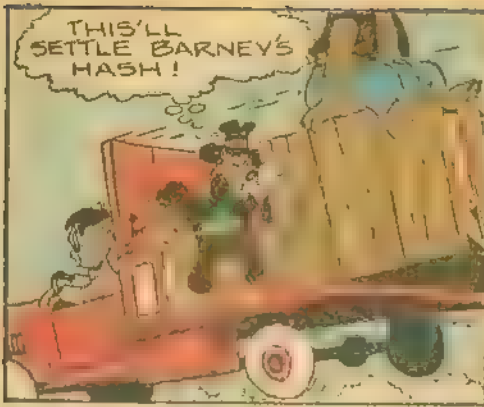


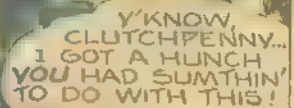
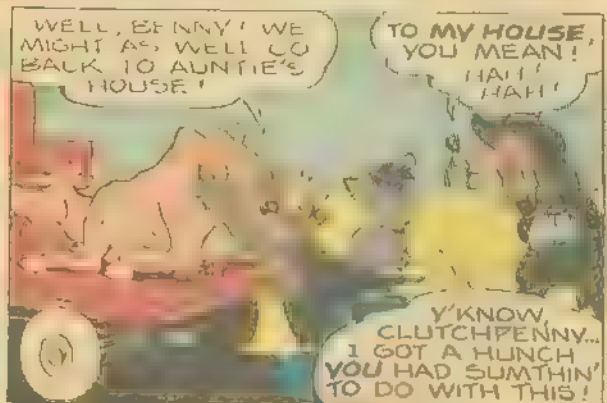
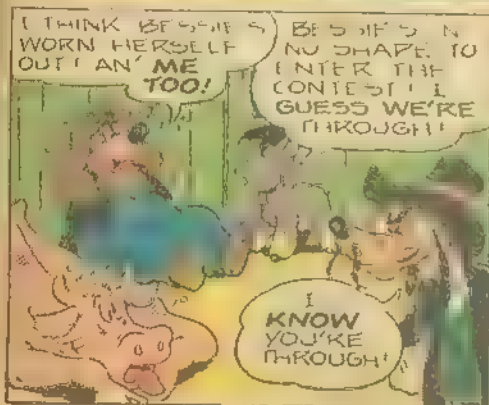
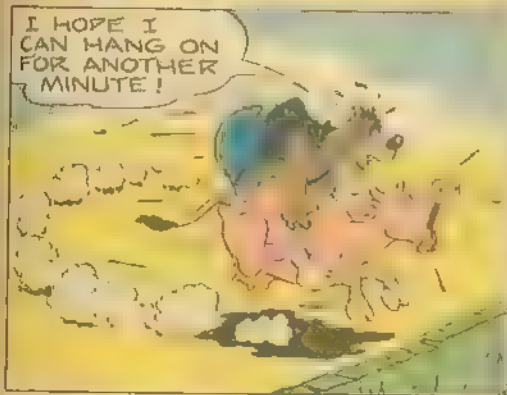


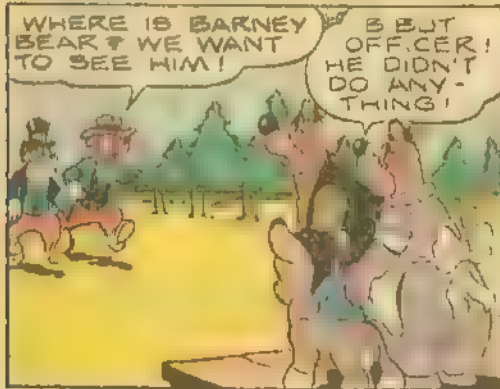
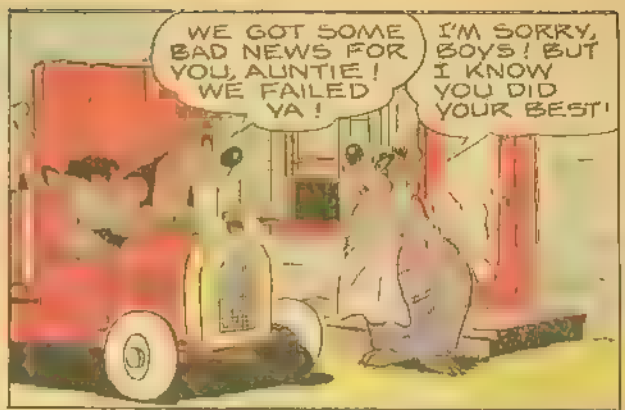
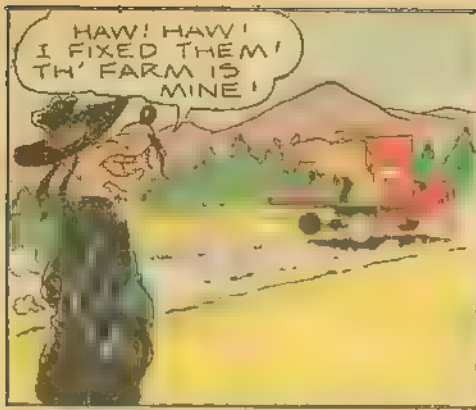












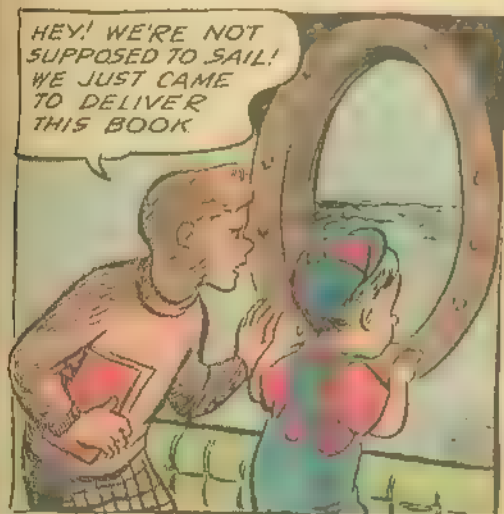
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

MGM presents

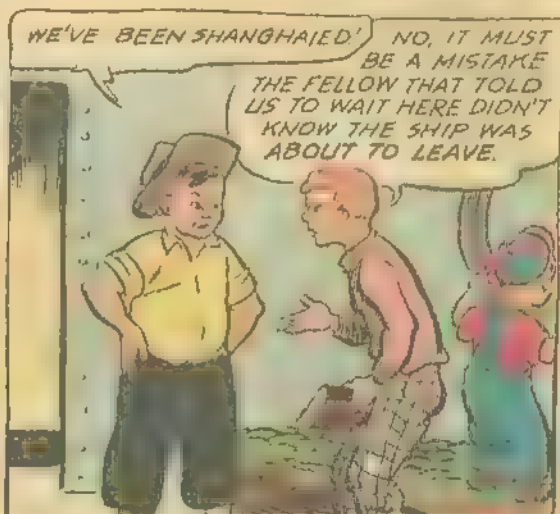
OUR GANG



AT TOP SPEED, MR SATURN'S YACHT, "THE JOLLY ROGER" STEAMS TOWARD THE SPERANTO RIVER MOUTH, TRYING TO BEAT "HAPPY" SLADE IN HIS TUG TO A HIDDEN TREASURE

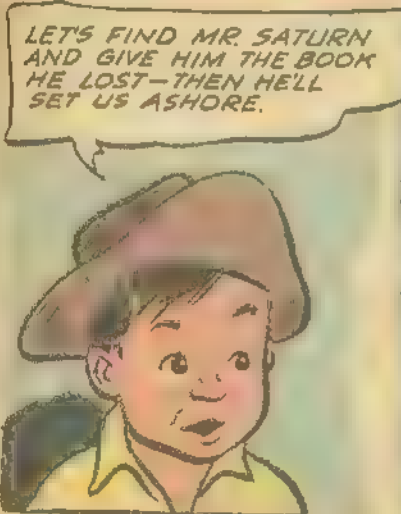


HEY! WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SAIL! WE JUST CAME TO DELIVER THIS BOOK

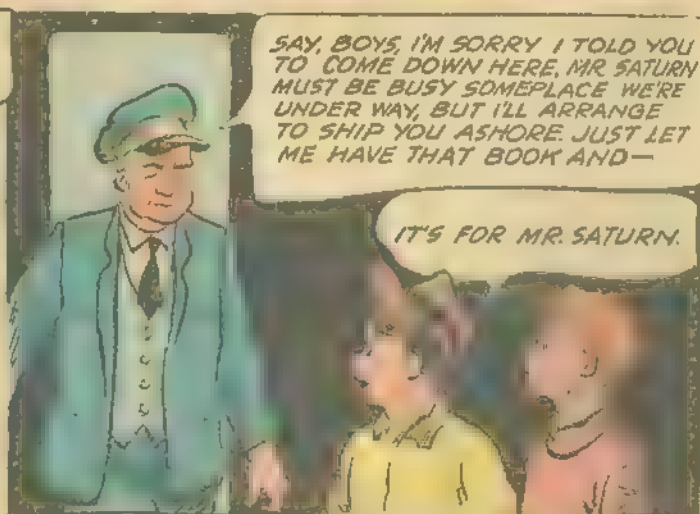


WE'VE BEEN SHANGHAIED!

NO, IT MUST BE A MISTAKE THE FELLOW THAT TOLD US TO WAIT HERE DIDN'T KNOW THE SHIP WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE.

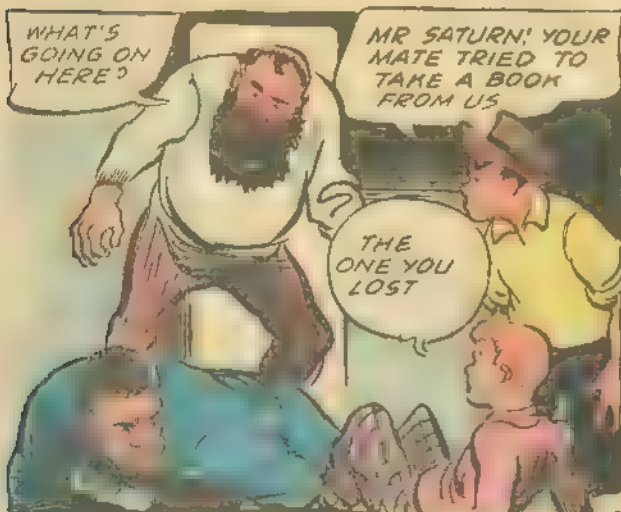
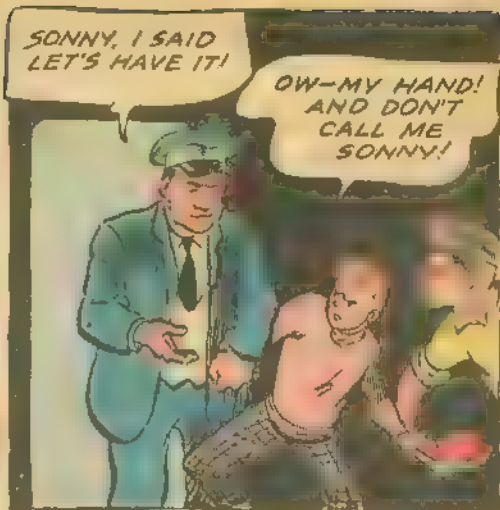
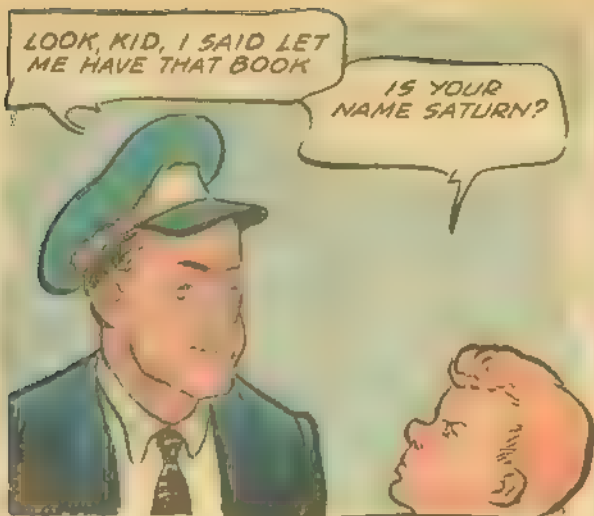


LET'S FIND MR. SATURN AND GIVE HIM THE BOOK HE LOST—THEN HE'LL SET US ASHORE.



SAY, BOYS, I'M SORRY I TOLD YOU TO COME DOWN HERE, MR SATURN MUST BE BUSY SOMEPLACE WE'RE UNDER WAY, BUT I'LL ARRANGE TO SHIP YOU ASHORE. JUST LET ME HAVE THAT BOOK AND—

IT'S FOR MR. SATURN.



OUR LITTLE FRIEND HERE WAS THE BOY THAT YOUR CROOK STUMBLED OVER WHEN THE BOOK WAS STOLEN. HE FOUND IT LATER IN THE GUTTER



I WAS ONLY TRYING TO MAKE SURE THEY LEFT THE BOOK BEFORE THEY WENT AWAY.

WENT AWAY?! WE'RE TEN MILES AT SEA—DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S IN THIS BOOK, MR MEATH?

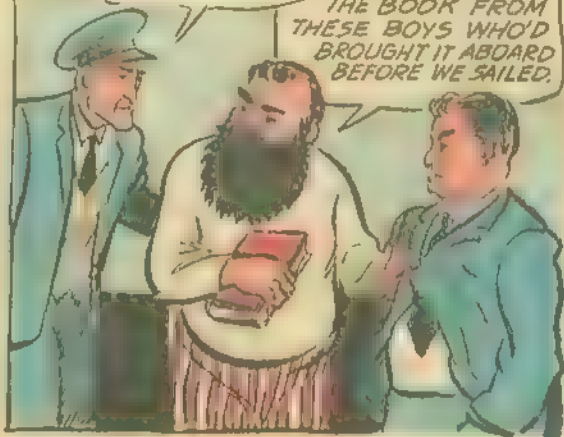


MAYBE YOU DO! BUT YOU'LL NEVER SHARE IN ANYTHING WE FIND—YOU'VE BEEN TOO SMART FOR YOUR OWN WELFARE.



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MR. SATURN?

MEATH HERE TRIED TO GET THE BOOK FROM THESE BOYS WHO'D BROUGHT IT ABOARD BEFORE WE SAILED.

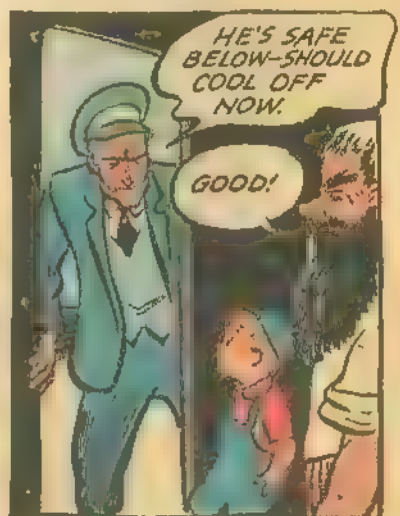
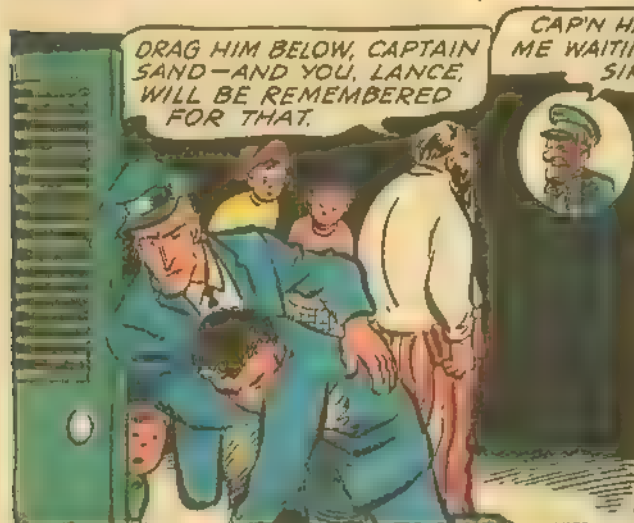
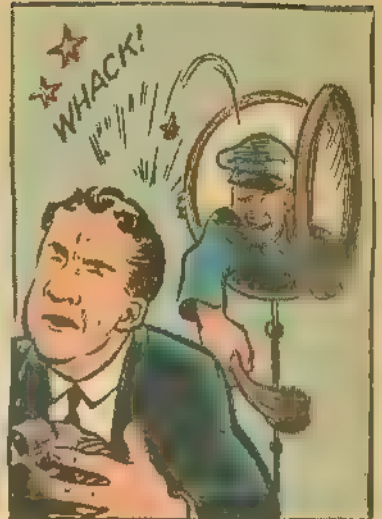
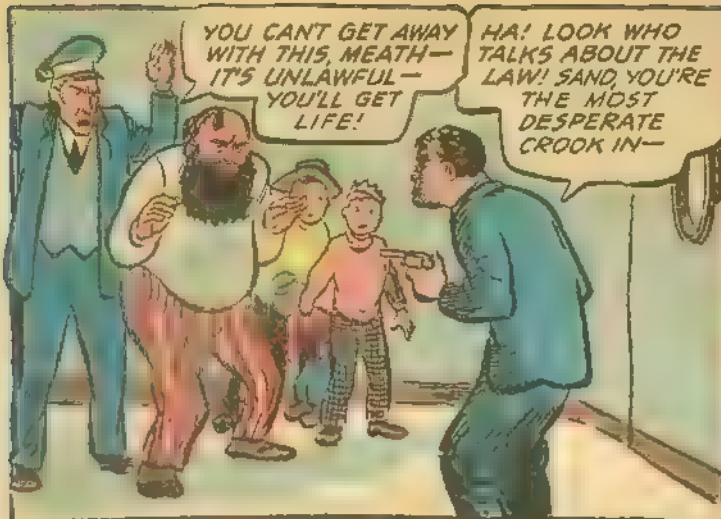


THESE KIDS BROUGHT US THE BOOK? AND YOU TRIED TO SWIPE IT, EH, MEATH—I'M AFRAID YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, MR. MEATH.



I KNOW YOU'RE BOTH PIRATES! YOU'RE GOING TO TRY TO PUT ME AWAY! WELL, IT WON'T WORK—BACK UP! I'VE GOT A GUN!





MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE, BOYS.
I'LL SEND UP SOME DINNER AND THE
STEWARD WILL ARRANGE YOUR
SLEEPING QUARTERS



THIS IS A FUNNY SHAKE—WHAT'S THAT
BOOK GOT TO DO WITH IT?

SAY, EGGY—
YOU KNOW
WHAT?

WHAT?



THE CAPTAIN CHUCKED
THAT BAD MAN INTO
THE WATER—GUN
AND ALL!

WHAT? THAT'S MURDER!
HE MUST HAVE BEEN
RIGHT—THESE MEN ARE
PIRATES!

DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT'S
IT? THE BOOK IS THE KEY
TO A TREASURE?



LIKE IN
THE STORY
OF TREASURE
ISLAND?

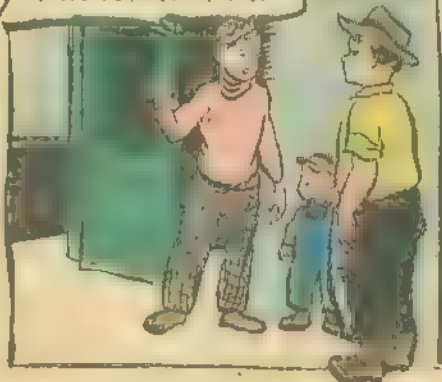


I DON'T KNOW AND I DON'T CARE—
THESE GANGSTERS WILL KILL US IF
THEY FIND OUT THAT TWO-BY-TWO
SAW THEM DUMP THAT MAN.

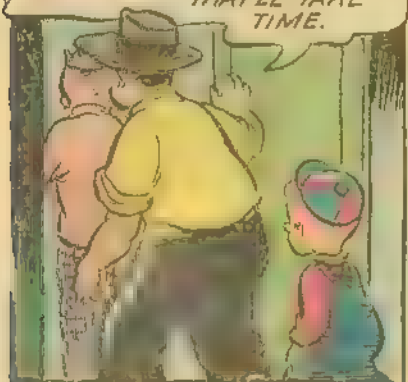


I'VE GOT
AN IDEA...

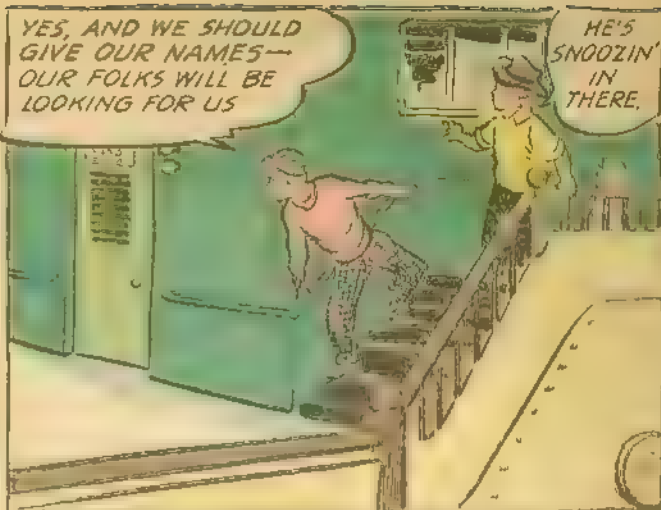
WE'LL STROLL OUT TO THE RADIO
SHACK—WE BOTH KNOW MORSE
CODE—ONE OF US GETS THE
OPERATOR AWAY, THE OTHER
SNEAKS IN AND SENDS OUT AN
S.O.S. ON THE KEY.



WELL, OKAY—BUT WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE THE MAN WELL OFF FROM HIS SHACK—WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE THE POSITION AND THAT'LL TAKE TIME.



YES, AND WE SHOULD GIVE OUR NAMES—OUR FOLKS WILL BE LOOKING FOR US

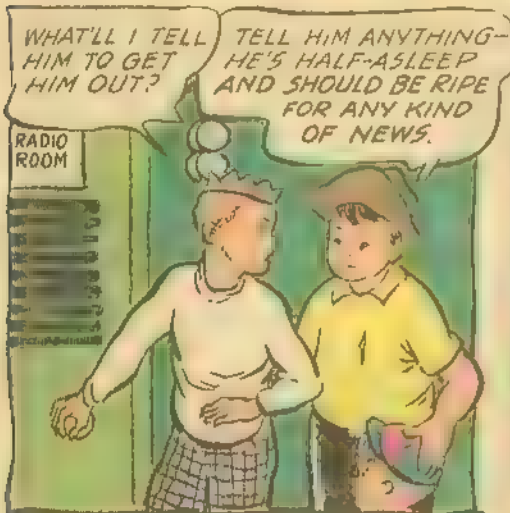


HE'S SNOOZIN' IN THERE.

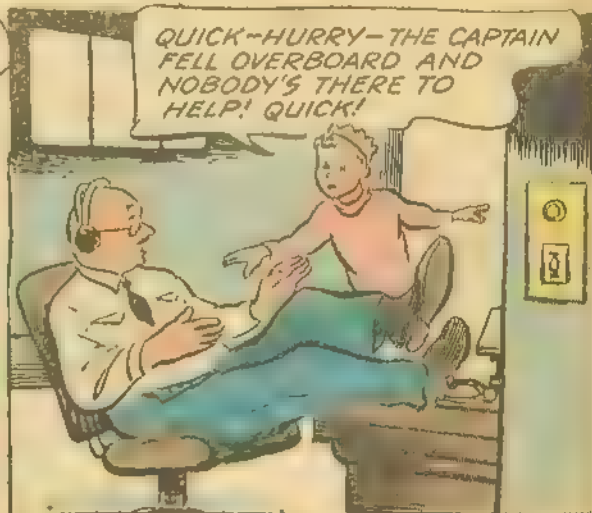
WHAT'LL I TELL HIM TO GET HIM OUT?

RADIO ROOM

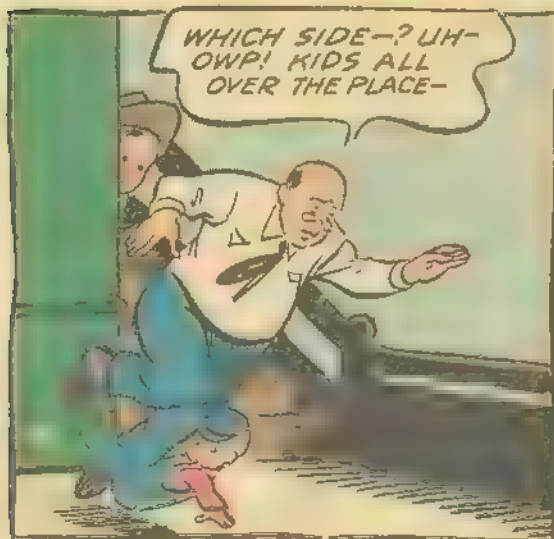
TELL HIM ANYTHING—HE'S HALF-ASLEEP AND SHOULD BE RIPE FOR ANY KIND OF NEWS.



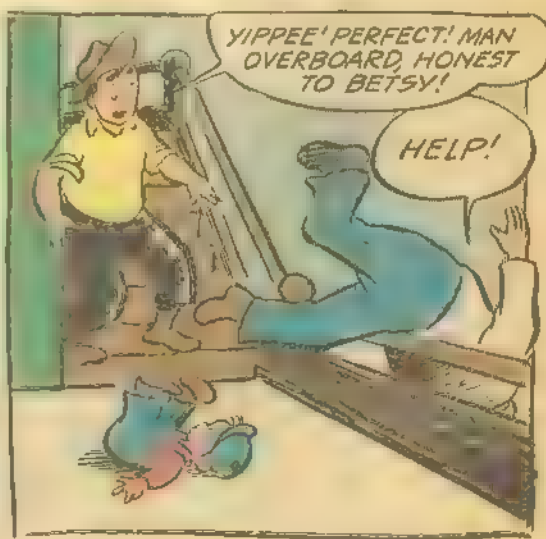
QUICK—HURRY—THE CAPTAIN FELL OVERBOARD AND NOBODY'S THERE TO HELP! QUICK!



WHICH SIDE—? UH—OWP! KIDS ALL OVER THE PLACE—



YIPPEE! PERFECT! MAN OVERBOARD, HONEST TO BETSY!





ABOARD HAPPY SLADE'S TUG

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHUCK?

A SCREWY MESSAGE, HAPPY.



SAYS: THREE BOYS HELD ABOARD JOLLY ROGER. POSITION—



NO POSITION—ALL GONE—DEAD—BUT THE SIGNAL WAS STRONG AND CLEAR.

POSITION WHAT?



THAT MEANS THAT SATURN IS CLOSE ON OUR HEELS AND HAS CUT OFF THAT CALL—HE'S TRYING TO KEEP IT A SECRET.



BACK ON THE JOLLY ROGER

THIS KID WAS IN THE RADIO SHACK SENDING OUT SOMETHING.

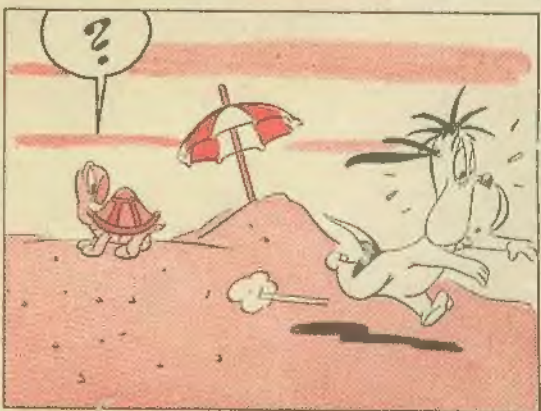
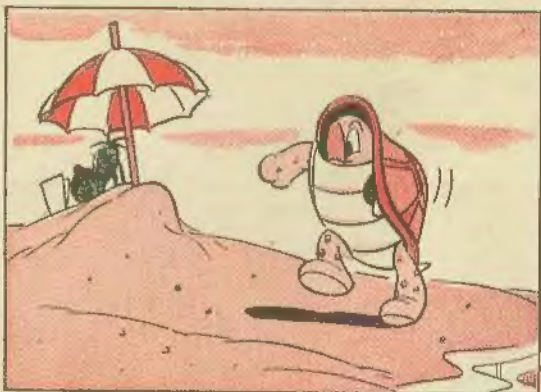
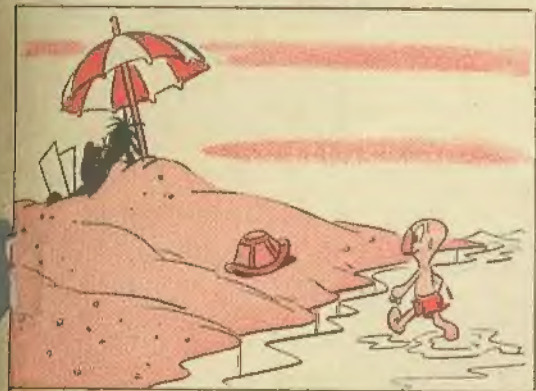
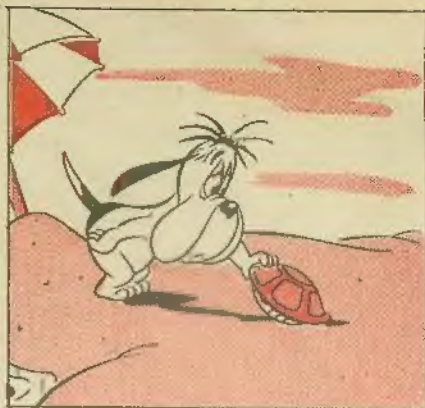
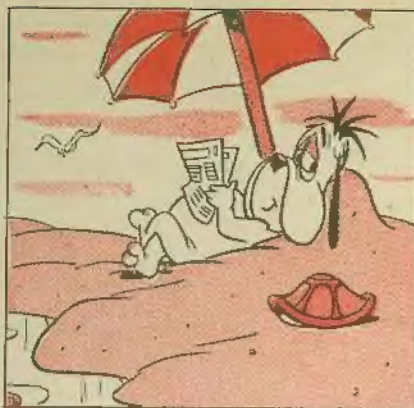


THEY WORKED IT PRETTY CLEVER—MANAGED TO GET SPARKS OVERBOARD. WE'RE PULLING HIM ABOARD NOW—MAYBE WE BETTER GET RID OF THESE KIDS.

HEAVE! HE'S COMIN' UP, MATE



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